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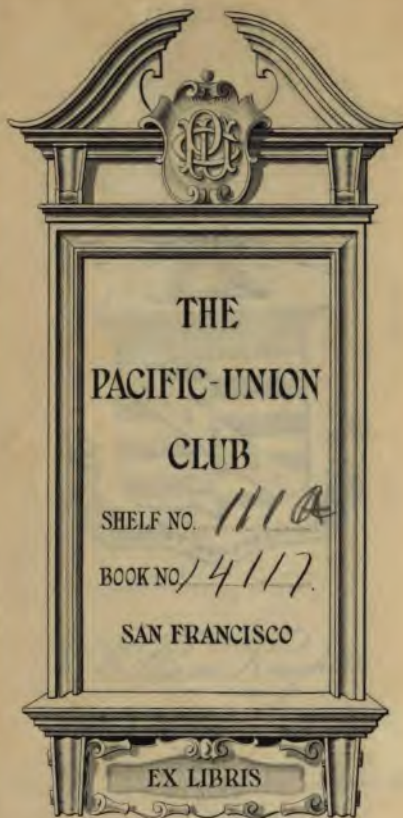
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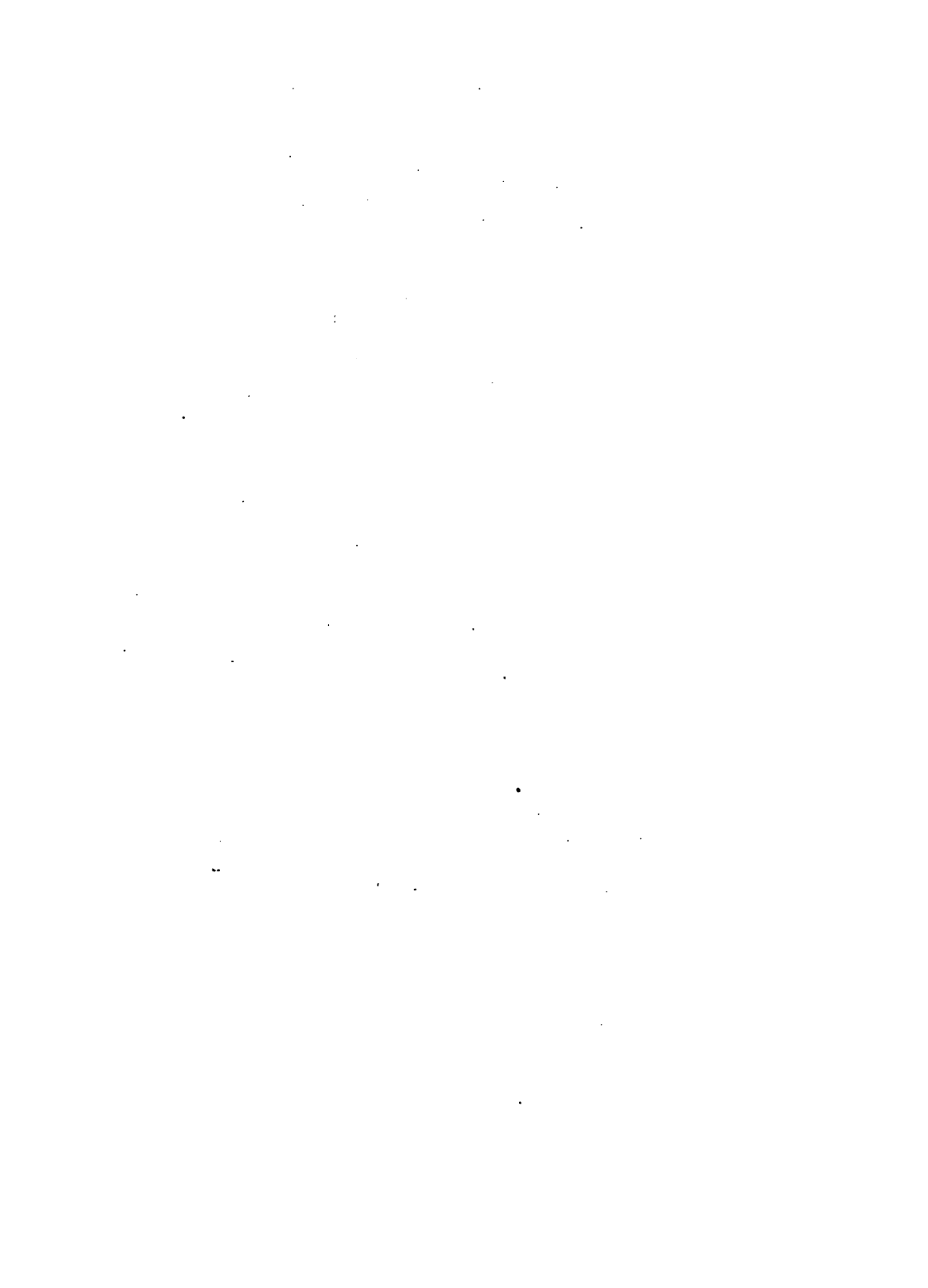
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## THE LAST INCA.



# THE LAST INCA;

OR, THE

## STORY OF TUPAC AMARU.

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"The fate of the whole race might be compared to that of some beautiful and graceful maidens, who, on some fatal festal day, had playfully ranged themselves in exquisite order, to support on their heads, as living caryatides, a slight weight of fruit and flowers, which had all of a sudden hardened into marble, and crushed them under it."

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

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# THE LAST INCA;

OR, THE

STORY OF TUPAC AMÂRU.



## CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

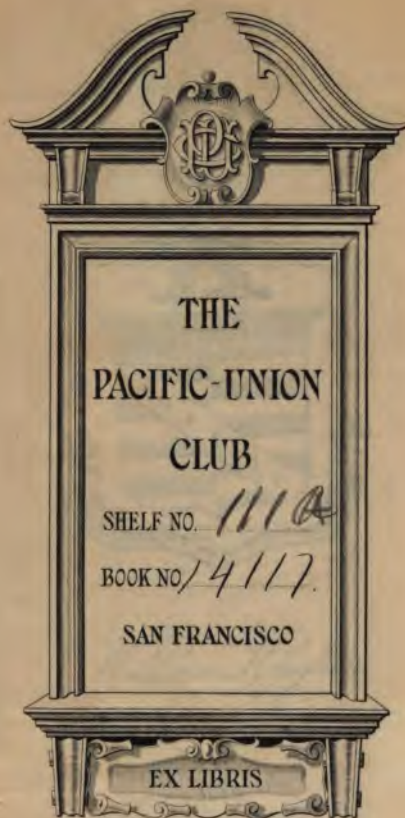
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"Come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
And lay it by: the angry northern wind  
Will blow these sands like sybil's leaves abroad."

*Titus Andronicus*, act iv., sc. i.

BEING HISTORICAL, BUT NOT DRY — THE STORY GOES  
BACK THAT IT MAY THE BETTER PROCEED — "THE  
INCA SHALL COME AGAIN."



THE last of the Incas was not he  
who last reigned in the sacred  
city of Cuzco. That was Huas-  
car, son of Huayna the Great, and the  
greatest Inca that ever sat on the golden  
throne of Manco Capac, the founder of the



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# THE LAST INCA.

obscurity, preferring the solitude of their native hills to the unmeaning and monotonous glitter of the viceregal city, and the sham honours which the viceregal Court offered to their name—preferring also the protection which those hills afforded them from the insults and humiliations to which they were constantly exposed at the hands of their insolent conquerors, and which not unfrequently ended in the judicial murder of some one or more of their number. As, for example, if any outbreak of the Indians occurred at the mines, in which some scoundrel Spaniard came, in rough justice, by his death, the Inca and his family would be “interrogated,” as if they had been accomplices in the deed; and being wearied into utter recklessness of life, they would sometimes give forth wanton expressions of delight on hearing of an Indian killing a Spaniard; for it showed that some spirit as yet remained in their race. But such displays of temper

were punished with cruel scourges, and frequently with the loss of a head.

During the early years of the conquest, the presence of the Incas in Lima had been a protection to the Spaniards, while as yet the Spaniards were few in number, and the disposition of the Indians was very uncertain. But now, even the Indians, for the most part, seemed to have forgotten that they ever had an Inca; and the royal Incarial residence in Lima was broken up, and its occupants departed from the city, without any one knowing or apparently caring about it—so insignificant had the name and person of the Inca become in the eyes of all Spaniards, and even in the estimation of the Incas themselves,

The last atrocity which marked the Spaniards' treatment of the royal captives in Lima will illustrate the abject and defenceless condition to which the Inca and his family were brought, and the remorselessness of that cruelty with which

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the Christian Castellians pursued their helpless victims.

The household of the Inca consisted of some hundred persons, including his wife, his brothers and sisters, and their offspring. The stipulated pension to the Inca was now barely sufficient to support his family, and even this was paid irregularly, and its payment was always attended with some affront. It was necessary to make "these wretched Indians know that they were dependent upon their conquerors for their daily bread;" so the Spanish officials, instead of paying the royal pension as usual through an officer of the Inca's household, determined to make the Inca apply for it in person at the office of the Government Exchequer.

The younger sister of the Inca, seeing her brother's distress at this new indignity, went of her own accord, and alone, to the palace of the Viceroy to remonstrate against it. And it is a re-



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markable fact that the women of the Inca's Court on many occasions manifested a courage and heroism much superior to that of their husbands and brothers. For instance, the wife of a previous Inca was taken, stripped naked before the whole Spanish camp, lashed to a tree, and shot to death with arrows by the heroic soldiers of Spain, for having sent back a present intended as a bribe or a peace offering to her husband. The sister of the grandfather of Tupac Amâru, the hero of this story, was hung up by the heels outside the walls of Lima, and left to die, for refusing to give up the names of the guests who had slept at her brother's house one night. And now the aunt of Tupac Amâru, who went simply to expostulate with the Viceroy of Peru on a beggarly affront intended towards her brother, returned home from the viceregal palace with her hair cut off, her nose slit with a knife, and the large gold ornaments, which were the special badges

of the Incarial aristocracy, torn from her ears!

Then it was that the Incas fled, or rather walked, away from the accursed city where they had been kept captive; and no one went after them to bring them back, for they were utterly broken now, and were even as water spilt on the ground. As this last of the families of those ancient kings stole out of Lima early one morning, wending their way over the solitary brown hills to the mighty mountains which surrounded the great Lake of Titicaca, it could be compared to nothing else in all history but that flight into Egypt which occurred in the days of Herod the King.

No more pensions were paid by the Spaniards to the royal families of the Incas—for none were ever asked for. The Incas were glad to escape from even the sight of their inhuman tormentors, and the Spaniards were glad to get rid of paying them a few hundred dollars a month.

But, according to a pious Spanish historian of this period, "as the devil would have it, the good Bishop of Cuzco took young Gabriel Tupac Amâru whilst he was yet a child, and gave him the education of a Spanish caballero, and made him master of all the learning which the good Bishop himself possessed, not knowing that the young and harmless snake he was carrying into his house should one day break out into a deadly, venomous serpent,\* to the destruction of many Spaniards and very nearly of the King's authority itself."

Gabriel was but a young child when his aunt met with that spiteful indignity mentioned above. But she survived her father and her brothers, and became the *amauta* or prophetess of her nation, and was the constant companion and friend of her nephew, the now sole remaining heir direct to the

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\* Tupac Amâru signifies "resplendent serpent."



Incarial diadem. In her were treasured up the secret traditions of her family, handed down through long centuries. She was the sole custodian of the most precious knowledge, as also of the key to almost illimitable wealth in silver and gold.

Coya Hilipa Sayri, as this extraordinary woman was called, had been indoctrinated into the faith of Catholic Spain as it was taught in the rich and gaudy ritual of the Peruvian Church; and she embraced the religion of Christ as it was taught by the priests of Rome, less as a religion of the heart than an historical light which shed, or seemed to her to shed, a lustre upon the faiths of her forefathers, and which added or revived a conscious meaning to it such as she had never been able to grasp before. What other use could a woman with a keen intellect and a spiritual nature make of a religion that had been taught her through her senses, and by pictorial representations which were very

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similar to many in the gorgeous ceremonies and magnificent architecture of the Temple of the Sun? And the priests of the Christian Church had, besides, fixed many of the Christian festivals on the days held sacred by the Incas. Thus, Easter, the great feast of the Church's Light and Life, was celebrated on the day that the Peruvians held their principal Feast of Raymi, "the birth of summer," the crown and glory of the Sun God, whom they adored. The resurrection of Christ was thus unfolded to the Peruvian mind by means of their own feast, which celebrated the return of light and life to the world. The Feasts of All Saints and All Souls were kept on the days that the Peruvians dedicated to the memory of their departed Incas. And thus one was unintentionally used to explain and even elevate the meaning of the other. Advent answered to the appearing of Manco Capac; and the doctrine of the Incarnation, as taught by Romish

priests, was not only eagerly embraced by the children of the Sun, but understood by them also. The Virgin Mary was only another Mama Ocllo, and the Eternal Father none other than that Pachacamac, the unseen, creating, and sustaining spirit of the universe, to whom the Peruvians had not only built a temple of greater internal magnificence than St. Peter's at Rome, but it was built probably many centuries before it. The greater and the lesser feasts of the Church found in the feasts and festivals of the Incas an echo which, in the course of a century and a half, became a more intelligent utterance of the meaning of the Christian Church than was contained in the original voice which promulgated the doctrines of the Church in the ancient Peruvian land. It was the same, but in a still more emphatic manner, with the public fasts. The Peruvian feasted, fasted, sacrificed, and prayed, quite as much as the Spanish Roman Catholic, and for the same reason,



and, doubtless, with an equally satisfactory result. The Peruvian had his own Sacraments of baptism, and of the Communion, of confession, and of confirmation, together with other ceremonies, which those of the new faith resembled, but did not supersede.

When the Incas, after residing some time in Lima, had been much instructed in the Christian religion, and had been taught to read, in their own tongue, the records of the Scriptures, their practical piety put the Spaniards to shame; and many a flippant Spanish official did not scruple to accuse them of an hypocrisy which some deep-laid scheme of treason required in order to shelter it from discovery.

The translation of several striking portions of Scripture history into the language of the Incas (which language till then had never before been reduced to writing) had the same effect on the Peruvian reader's

mind as the celebration of the great feasts had on the general public. Not a single word had to be explained to him before he could understand what was written. There was not a petition in the model prayer of the gospels which the Inca-Peruvian had not, in another form, been taught to offer to the unseen Spirit. "*Yayacu hanac Pachacunapi cac*" (Our Father which art in heaven), were words that the Peruvians were told the Eternal Inca himself had given as a pattern for the prayers which his children should use.

As early as the beginning of the sixteenth century, numerous small works of devotion had been printed in the language of the Incas. The Jesuit Fathers received a welcome, wherever they went, which was not accorded to any bishop, priest, or monk; for these indefatigable missionaries could speak to the people in the sweet accents of their mother tongue. With the wisdom for which the members of that order have

been celebrated in all parts of the world, they made friends with the Incas, from whom they learnt the native language; and the priests in turn imparted to the listening members of the Inca's household the amazing story of the Messiah's life, embellished with many a worldly illustration of their own invention, and charming tradition of the childish days of the Church, which sank deep into the hearts of their hearers, and produced an eager, agitating desire for more full and ample knowledge.

Now, it happened that the brutal cruelties done to the Princess Hilipa became known to one who, for the honour of the Spanish name and the Christian religion, determined to make such amends to the Inca princess as should cause her to forget her injuries and her sufferings in learning that ineffable happiness of forgivingness which he considered only a knowledge of the character of the Saviour could impart.



Belarmino Palomino resolved to give that happiness to Hilipa. He would devote his life to the conversion of that one soul; and, if he could, he also would make her worthy to be counted among the most illustrious saints and martyrs of the Church, and cause her name to be emblazoned on the pages of its history.

How the young Jesuit obtained the permission of his Superior for this novel work, how he followed the Inca to his mountain home, how he became the beloved friend and most tender-hearted and compassionate guide of that one household, and how he made the Princess Hilipa love and almost worship him for the revelations of Heaven which he unfolded to her, and the hope of a renovated earth which he inspired in her as he spoke of the "coming again of the Inca Son of God to reign and rule in person over a redeemed world," need not be set down here; but the effect on Hilipa, and the fruit it bore, forms part

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of this story, and must be told with such clearness as is possible. It being premised that if the mind of Hilipa, filled as it was with the traditions of her own race, and the notable histories of her ancestors, looked for a literal fulfilment of prophecies and sayings which her faithful friend intended her to understand in a spiritual and hidden sense, the blame rested not with him, any more than the amazing histories of Amadis and Esplandian are to be blamed for causing the monomania of the Knight of La Mancha.



## CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

IN WHICH THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS HILIPA IS  
CONTINUED.



THE home of Doña Hilipa, or Nusta Hilipa, as she was also occasionally called, was established among the mountains which look down on the Sacred Lake of Titicaca, itself ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here Nature appears in her most solemn aspects. The silence of the mighty mountains is like the silence of a happy night; and in the summer season, when all is calm, and the vault of heaven seems about to open to the enwrappt gaze, a mind imbued with religious truths, or coloured by a mystic spiritualism, would easily be persuaded that in such a region the presence of the Almighty Spirit of God was more easily felt, and communion with

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it was more profoundly to be enjoyed, than in homelier and more pastoral scenes. It was from this region that the heavenly ones descended to carry the true light to the benighted children of men. Manco Capac and Mama Ocllo started from the shores of this lake to found a city which should be the centre of a kingdom whose limits were to be the rising and setting of the sun. And the city had been founded, and the kingdom stretched far and wide, a kingdom of glory, justice, quietness and peace. The city had indeed become a harlot, the kingdom had been defiled; but all should be restored again, and in tenfold more splendour. The sun of Righteousness should be its deity, and its ministers the kings and priests of the Most High. Nay, the subjects of the kingdom should be the sons and daughters of its king.

In such ecstasy of prophecy did Hilipa forget her personal injuries, received at the

hands of the Spaniards in Lima. She forgot the very existence of the Spaniards, or only remembered them as those who had been faithless to their own knowledge of the Supreme.

And then she thought—

“Surely, if all the priests, and monks, and men and women, had all the same knowledge as Belarmino, all would then be as great and good as he.”

This knowledge, she argued with herself, had been handed down from time immemorial to the present hour; much of it was now contained in books, and all who could read might obtain that knowledge, and thus become partakers of the same goodness. Those who could not read should be taught, as she had been, by loving, patient, and devoted priests.

Gold she had in untold quantity. This would multiply the books she had read, and produce myriads more. With gold, she could procure good priests even, and



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good women—virgins, not of a sun that could be eclipsed, but of one of eternal brightness; who should have their own houses in every town and village; who should visit the sick, and clothe the naked, and feed hungry children; and out of the thousand orphans that were at present left to perish, more select virgins should be gathered, and more priests. Out of the swarm of destitute children now left a prey to death or the devil, she would raise up an army of saints. From these she would obtain her *Mitimaes*,\* and by these she

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\* This was an institution peculiar to the Incas. It has been well said—"The Incas continued to be a wise, a great, and a valiant race. Gradually they extended their dominions, ensuring the fidelity of the conquered provinces by an expedient of a very singular and politic nature, which deserves to be well studied. After conquering a province, they were wont to introduce into it a large body of their own subjects, sometimes as many as four or five thousand persons, who were to teach and control the conquered strangers; while, at the same time, they themselves, being isolated, would feel entirely dependent upon the mother country, and would be compressed into obedience by their fears of the natives in the subjugated

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would make the remotest corner of the kingdom ring with the blessed name of Him who, whilst he was the King of Men,

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province. They would thus be at the same time a garrison and a colony—a productive tributary garrison, and a colony whose fears would make them sympathize deeply with the central power from which they sprung. These colonies were called Mitimaes.”—Helps’ “Span. Conq.,” iii., 475.

Herrera informs us that this institution owed its origin to Inca Yupanqui, the fifth Inca ; that the Mitimaes had special privileges and honours. The children that they left behind them when proceeding to the new territory became the children of the Inca, and resided at the Court. The Mitimaes forsook father and mother, house, and wife and children, in the service of, and for the spread and consolidation of, the kingdom. The idea of Hilipa, therefore, of restoring these institutions for the purpose of extending the heavenly kingdom, not only shows her capacity, but accounts also for the grandeur of the idea itself. It surpasses, whilst it breathes much of its spirit, the dream of the great Ignacio Loyola, who “would not rest till by his missionaries he had planted the cross on every highway and mountain in the world.” But Hilipa’s practical mind, aided by the old institutions of her native land and the kingdom of which she was a princess, enabled her to grasp the idea of a “Missionary Society,” vastly superior to that of the father of the Jesuits.—See Herrera’s “*Historia de las Indias Occidentales*,” Decada V., lib. iv., 96.

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was also their brother—the very Son of God.

And this was the true idea and meaning of Inca, expanded by wider knowledge and deeper sympathy. The Incas, while they plumed themselves on being “Children of the Sun,” yet gloried in the title, and it was, in fact, the name by which they made themselves known to the barbarous people—namely, “Lovers of the Poor.”

Hilipa's home in the mountains was founded on the true Inca model. The house itself was built after the fashion of the Temple of the Sun; and a gold sun, with the image of the Saviour of the world in the centre, was placed over the front, or western façade, intending to set forth the truth that the earth may move, but the true sun, as also the heavenly light of it, remained seated, as on an everlasting throne; that his light never faded—He, the eternal sun, never changed. The house was built of hewn stone, and stood



in a walled garden. The garden had no gates, and the doorways and windows of the house were hung with rich brown curtains, bordered with coloured designs, as soft and fine as silk, although wrought in wool. A spacious room, or court, occupied the centre of the house; and from this were narrow passages, leading to numerous small rooms on either side of it. One room was never entered except by Hilipa and her nephew, and this was devoted to meditation. Its walls were hung with the finest curtains, and the light streamed in through an elevated opening in the roof, and fell on a painting by Murillo of the Ascending Christ. Above this celebrated picture, and supported by its frame, was a serpent, spangled with jewels; and round both serpent and picture was a rainbow; and above the rainbow, a sun and glory in gold.

These were emblems of the Incas. The serpent representing the reigning Inca, the

sun the Inca dynasty, and the rainbow was the messenger of the glory, blessing, and fruitfulness of the sun.

The Murillo was a present from Belarmino, or rather from the company to which he belonged. The subject of the picture was of special interest to Hilipa. So long as Belarmino only discoursed to her of a dead Christ, or a crucified Christ, she remained unmoved; but a Christ risen from the grave was her life and glory. As for dying, even for the whole world, the other Incas would have done that. But rising again! That was the grandeur of the Christ. No other Inca had ever done so, except Viracocha; but that was only a vision, as some said; though it might be true, as said others. Manco Capac had promised to reappear, but Viracocha was only his brother. Christ had reappeared, and he was the greatest Inca of them all. The other Incas—Peter, James, and John—had seen him rise, seen the heavens open



to receive him; and as certainly that he reigns in heaven, so certainly would he return and visit the earth.

When Hilipa had made more progress in her religious instruction, she still cherished as the predominant idea of the true faith that the Christ was risen, and was reigning at the right hand of God. She removed from all the churches in her immediate neighbourhood the altar pieces representing the Crucifixion, and replaced them with pictures of the Resurrection or the Ascension; and the Crucifix was only allowed as a prominent object once a year. The great feast of Easter was not a movable feast in Peru; it was always celebrated, as has been said, on the occasion of the Inca feast of Raymi, or Summer, the chief and principal feast of the year. Hilipa not only caused this feast to be celebrated with the utmost pomp in her own mountain home, but in all the distant towns and villages of the great mountain district; and

every year she sent to the Bishop of Cuzco Easter offerings in the form of maize exquisitely wrought in fine gold, passion flowers in gold and silver, and other works of art equally elaborate and costly.

But this year, for her own especial reason, she will excel in one gift the value of all the other gifts she had previously made; and she sent to his Grace the Bishop of Cuzco, Don Juan Manuel Moscoso y Peralta, by the hand of her nephew, "Gabriel Tupac Amâru, INCA," a gold alpaca\* of the full natural size, and weighing a hundred pounds. To the college of San Bernardo,† where her nephew, the Last of the Incas—as, alas! he must be called—received his education, she sent a

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\* When this gold alpaca was set up on the great altar of the Cathedral of Cuzco, some of the profounder wits of the Church exclaimed—"Bless this holy woman! But she will restore, if we don't take care, the worship of the Golden Calf."

† Formerly the palace of Huayna the Great, father of Inca, Huascar, and Atahualpa.

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gold serpent, which had for its eyes two brilliant emeralds,\* exquisitely wrought. Her presents on this occasion were numerous and costly, both to her personal friends as well as to the altars of all the churches; and the Bishop of Cuzco received a chalice, the fame of which spread over the whole world. It was of pure gold, having four medallions of embossed emeralds of great size, set in pearls; and there were eight strings, or lines of emeralds, at equal distances, which ran from the top to the bottom of the chalice, and these, also, were bordered with pearls.

Belarmino found his pupil very apt in all the arts that he could teach her. She was

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\* The editor of the "Life of Belarmino Palomino" remarks on this that the heads of that cathedral college were wrong in supposing that the Princess Hilipa intended this gorgeous serpent as a symbol of wisdom, although it is true that amongst the Egyptians such was held to be the case; but he is of the opinion that it was meant to represent the regal power of the Inca, Tupac Amáru, whom she intended to reinstate as sole lord and king of the kingdom of Peru.



passionately fond of colours and painting; and one of the happiest days of the many he lived to enjoy at the Inca's mountain home was that on which Belarmino threw a rainbow in beautiful colours on the inner wall of Hilipa's room. It was but a trick, aided by pieces of stained glass, and a little carpentry. When the sun shone, the rainbow came out on the wall; and the reflection of the colours of what was one of the objects of worship among the Incas produced in Hilipa an impression which deepened into the settled conviction that she was specially favoured by Heaven, and that through her the kingdom of the Eternal Inca should be planted on the ruins of the ancient kingdom of the Incas, and cause it to revive.

It was easy for Hilipa to believe all that Belarmino could tell her concerning the *chuychu*, or rainbow—its glorious legend, its still more striking "sacramental service in the divine economy;" for was it not the

very seal which the Creator had put to the covenant established between himself and universal man?

Also, there was a rainbow round about the throne of God, and a mighty angel whose face was like the sun, and on whose head was a rainbow, with many other wonders; all which Belarmino made the most of in the spiritual education of his beloved disciple.

One day she appeared before him with what, in archæology, would strictly be called a *lemniscus*; and it was, unquestionably, the woollen fillet of varied colours worn by the Egyptians and Greeks. It was the royal head-dress of the Inca's Queen.

"See," she exclaimed to her preceptor, "this is a rainbow, may I wear it?" and she bound it round her hair, the two ends streaming behind, where once her massive locks fell, but which had been cut away.

"Yes, wear it," Belarmino had said; for

it revived in him, though not in her, the memory of what she had suffered; and thence after she wore it like a queen. To him it was only a part of the dress of a woman who had lost her hair; but to her it was the restoration of a crown.

This passion for colours was indulged to the uttermost; and Belarmino's own little church was filled with some of the rarest and most costly glass work that Venice itself could supply. Illuminated missals, and other holy books, richly decorated, multiplied exceedingly. Some of these are still to be met with among the few reliques which remain of Hilipa's modest greatness, and will bear comparison with the early illuminations of Arabia. It was a kind of work well suited to the minute and laborious industry for which the Peruvians were famed; and, with Belarmino's teaching and the aid of Hilipa's gold, her workmen increased in number and excellence. Every parish church, for hundreds of miles



around, had its well appointed choir, its superior music, painting, and other decorations; and every parish priest, without any exception, was a devoted friend to *la Santa Hilipa*; for Hilipa took care to provide every priest with the means of satisfying the needs of the poor—providing them with instruction, organizing their labour, utilizing it, and thereby restoring to the hearts of thousands the presence of the Angel of Hope.

Hilipa's home was called the *Tambo*, which, in the Inca's language, signifies "The Place of Rest;" and hundreds of hunted men and hopeless women found in it the only rest they should ever know on this earth again. And the Tambo became a new centre of life. Around its spacious gardens ancient men, with their ancient wives, came and built small houses, finding here peace and quiet. Here the sound of the Spaniard's whip did not startle them into a life of torture more hideous than

any seen in a frightful dream. Surrounded by the still mountains, with the vast prairies, or *punos*, between them and their foes, they sat down, like hunted creatures who have discerned a safe retreat, to enjoy as well as they might the little life still left in them.

And not only to these ancient few did the Tambo become a sanctuary, but also to many remnants of once flourishing tribes who had fled for refuge to the forests. These also came, like wanderers glad to return. So that, in less than twenty years, what was once a wilderness became a fruitful valley, the fields were clad again in cloth of gold, and the hills echoed with the songs of harvest, day unto day once more uttered speech, and the sapphire sky of the night showed knowledge. The barns and storehouses of the old Inca faith were rebuilt, and filled with grain and clothing. And once again it could be said of this valley—this



mountain home of the Princess Hilipa—as it was written of the ancient kingdom of the Incas, before its overthrow, “For as many as came work was found; none perished of hunger, none were kept out of employ, or shut up in poor-houses, except the lame, the blind, and the very old, and those who had no friends, or were unfit for labour. Work was found for all, and idleness was punished as a crime.”

Had it been possible for the Archbishop of Lima to have been carried by a balloon from the council chamber in Lima to this settlement in the mountains, his archiepiscopal eyes would have been opened, and perhaps his archiepiscopal heart might have been touched—although it would be proved, even to himself, that, so far as the character which he had given of the Indians was concerned, he was nothing better than an archiepiscopal liar. Could the noble Marchioness have been

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lifted out of her momentary despondency, and brought to see the same sight, she would have repented in dust and ashes for ever having thought of her Inca—as she designated Tupac Amâru—as an assassin, or one leagued with poisoning conspirators. Could the Visitador, Leche de Lobos, have visited the same glad and peaceful scene, it is just possible that even his base nature would have been softened, and compassion and admiration have cast out the twofold devil of cruelty and revenge.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

"And when some of them could not walk, the Spaniards, to prevent their remaining behind to make war, killed them by burying their swords in their sides or their breasts. It was a most distressing thing to see the way in which these wretched creatures—naked, tired, and lame—were treated; exhausted with hunger, sick, and despairing. The unfortunate mothers, with two or three children on their shoulders, or clinging round their necks, overwhelmed with tears and grief, were all tied with cords, or with iron chains round their necks, or their arms, or their hands."—GIROLAMO BENZONI, *History of the New World*, A.D. 1565.

"My Lord Bishop, you are one of those who mistake bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter; you love liars, and have a horror of those who tell truth; you depreciate good men, and honour bad ones; you favour the vicious, and persecute the virtuous. Finally, you are most liberal with other men's property. What would you have me say more?—except that you could be very appropriately placed in a galley; for I will warrant that your lordship would have more strength to handle an oar than virtue in governing a bishopric."—Letter of BACHELOR DIEGO LOPEZ DE ZUNEGA, quoted by BENZONI, *ibid.*

THE LAST OF THE INCAS AT HOME—A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF CUZCO TO THE INCA—THE INCA'S ANSWER, AND HOW HE KEPT HIS BIRTHDAY, WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST IN THIS NEVER-BEFORE-TOLD STORY.



THE greatest sanctuary to the native races of Peru, who had been turned out of house and home, was the home of Tupac Amâru, the last of the Incas. It was one of those natural fortresses, the very sight of which would strike despair into the heart of the boldest general who might wish to take it. Those who have never visited this mountainous region of Peru, may obtain some idea of its aspect from recent descriptions of the march of the British army into Abyssinia.

The main approach to the Inca's abode was by a road having a steady rise, in ten miles, to a height of more than six thousand feet. This was on the mountain side towards Cuzco, and three days' march from that city. The other sides of this vast, uplifted plain declined towards the valleys and the lower plains, leading to the Gran Chaco, Buenos Ayres, and the Marañon.

The distance from the home of Hilipa to the cancha, or house of the Inca, was not



more than two days in a straight line across the mountains. It was at the peril of any one not an Indian, or not acquainted with that straight line, to attempt to traverse it, unless accompanied by a Peruvian.

On the morning of the same day that the Polizon was seen wending his dubious way to the palace of the Viceroy, in Lima, there might have been seen a solitary Indian of the Mestizo class approaching the cancha of the Inca at Tungasuca.

The scene had not much changed since it was visited by the ill-fated Marquis de Zandunga. The number of houses had increased, and they now stretched in four different ways, radiating from the Inca's dwelling, each several miles in length. The same quiet order prevailed, the same discipline; and the magazines and storehouses were likewise multiplied. More messengers, also, were seen to arrive during the course of the day, from distant parts. What had never before been seen in connection with

an Inca's establishment was a suite of offices occupied by clerks, writing and reading despatches, and keeping accounts, and otherwise recording the day's transactions.

The Spaniards had certainly taught the Peruvians to read and write.

As the solitary messenger approached the courtlege of the house, he was accosted by one who was certainly not a Peruvian, for he had a very fair face, and a rich, gold-coloured beard. He was not a Spaniard, for he had blue eyes, and spoke such words of kindness to the approaching wayfarer as to cause him no small astonishment. He was certainly of European race; and, of all the eccentricities of this eccentric world, who should it be but an Englishman, and that Englishman none other than Zagrazmit, or Zacharia Smith, as he was once called in some English fishing village, which never knew what had become of him since the day he left it to go on that voyage to the South Sea.



"Art thou a Christian, my friend?" were the first words which Zagrazmit addressed to the new arrival.

"I should jolly well think so," replied the Mestizo Indian. ["Que pre gunta tan rara es esto? Creo que si."]

This was not the ordinary reply of an Indian to such a question. But there might have been something in the full bass voice to indicate a rollicking spirit in the robust form of the questioner, to call forth a reply which, perhaps, the Indian had never thought of, much less uttered, in all his life.

That remark may seem to some rapid readers a trivial thing to put on record. It involves, however, the happiness or the most acute of all miseries ever suffered by a nation possessed of strong powers of sympathy; and the sensitive sympathies of the Peruvians were among the most pronounced characteristics noted by the first European observers of them.

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It has been finely remarked \*—"For ages the Cuzcan had hardly known more than that course of level disaster which belongs to the average life of a prosperous citizen in a well-settled State; nor had he experienced more than that dismay—serene or troubled, according to his temperament—which each man feels in contemplating the failures of his life, and its inevitable decadence. But now came upon every inhabitant of Cuzco a turbulent ruin, leaving no time for thought and reflection." . . .

"The fate of the civilized inhabitant in the great cities of the New World surpasses in misery almost anything that the conquered have had to endure in the Old World. The delicate and refined provincial of some flourishing Southern city in the Roman empire—of Narbonne, or Toulouse, for example—when swept away in a headlong flood of barbarian Goths and

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\* "Spanish Conquest in America." Helps. Vol. iii., 562-3.

Visigoths, might call to mind how captive Greece had conquered Rome in art and in philosophy, and might feel a confident hope that Roman jurisprudence, Roman discipline, and, above all, that the new religion, which had its seat in Rome, would yet succeed, as it did, in overawing and subduing the barbarians, making their slaves their teachers. But the Cuzcan had no such consolation. His laws, his religion, and his polity fell down with him—his ideas were overcome as well as the man himself. His past life was a delusion, and it led to no future which he could understand or bear to contemplate. Insanity or death seemed the only refuge to him."

Nor does this represent the full misery of the conquered Peruvians, for it was renewed day by day in his daily contact with the harsh, proud, and exacting Spaniard. If we could imagine the small fry of the sea possessed of human sensibility and human powers of apprehension when pur-



sued by the monsters which prey upon them for their daily food; or enter into the feelings of the young chickens, and the doves of some mountain farm, where hawks and eagles yet lord it over cote, and fold, and pen, undismayed by any fowler, we might then be able to measure the miseries of this hapless race of human beings. Nor even then should we have a complete representation of the conquered Peruvians' most wretched fate. The fishes of the sea and the doves of the field would at least enjoy their liberty and the chance of escape, or the hope of it; but these hapless beings were hunted in chains, or slain with their hands tied. Nor is there to be found, anywhere among the records, the slightest evidence to prove that anything of a permanent humane feeling ever existed between the native races of Peru and those who had become their taskmasters.

That this state of things tended to harden and demoralize the Spaniard as much as

it degraded the Peruvians is doubtless too true; but what might have been the fate of this singularly docile people had they been brought in contact with a large, loving humanity, instead of with a nature demoniacal rather than human, is a question suggested by the reply which Zagrazmit's kind inquiry drew from the Mestizo's lips—

"I should jolly well think so."

Zagra, evidently not thinking this answer satisfactory, continued—"Art thou an Inca Christian or a Chapetoné Christian?"

"Señor," answered the Mestizo, "I have served the Bishop of Cuzco in his own palace now these eleven years, and I have saddled his mule, and made his bed, and washed his feet; and if I am not a real Christian by this time, I never shall be."

Zagrazmit now knew the speaker, by his flippant manner and mottled skin, to be the base fruit of some Indian woman and Spanish father—probably the Bishop of Cuzco himself, or one of his familiars.



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"And," continued Zagra, "thou canst read and write, I have no doubt."

"I thank the Queen of Heaven and the great Bishop that I both read and write."

Struck by the petulant intelligence of the messenger, and yet not caring to question him further, Zagra asked for his despatches, and told him to pass in at the little door on his right, and he would get some food and rest.

"These despatches," replied the slave, "do not leave my hands without my head, except into those of Tupac Amâru, Inca—"

"Then follow me." And the illegitimate mixture of Spanish and Indian blood followed Zagrazmit into the presence of the Inca.

The room in which the Inca sat was remarkable for its air of quiet repose. Its walls were hung with finely wrought curtains, and the floor was covered with coloured matting. A large table in the

centre was laden with books. The Inca was seated, at the end opposite the door, in a high-backed chair, emblazoned with his coat of arms. He seemed to be absorbed in thought as Zagrazmit and the messenger entered, and his fine face had upon it a shadow of pain. The shadow passed away into a peaceful smile as he recognized the messenger, and called him by his name.

In person, Tupac Amáru was somewhat above the middle height, well formed and graceful, strong and sinewy; and his benign and expressive face was attractive and assuring. His remarkably full black eye was rapt rather than piercing, and the high forehead on the small head, with the long black hair streaming down his shoulders, suggested a mind given to reverie and devotion. But the beauty and strength of the mouth, and the fine aquiline nose, with its expanded but delicate nostril, indicated a power of action that

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could be intense, resolute, and full of enterprise.

He was, on that morning—it was his fortieth birthday—dressed in black velvet, with a waistcoat of gold cloth, black silk stockings and gold knee buckles, and large buckles of the same in his shoes.

“Ah, Zunuario, be seated. You come from Cuzco?”

This was the greeting of the Inca to one whom he evidently knew, and knew to be a slave.

“Señor,” answered the man, without sitting down, “I have brought a letter from the Bishop, and I am to return with the answer before I take rest.” And he handed a sealed packet, done up in hide, to the Inca.

“And how is my friend and father, his Grace the Bishop?” the Inca inquired, without opening the packet.

“He is,” replied the scandalous creature,

"as hearty as a buck and as fat as an eunuch."

"Let thy tongue be more thy servant than thy master," the Inca remarked, gravely; but still allowed the slave to continue speaking.

"Señor," he said, "I am afraid that in me is fulfilled the saying that is written, 'Familiarity breeds more contempt than reverence,' and the Bishop was very familiar with my mother."

"Zagra, *che*, wilt thou take this *simizapa*\* inside, and fill his mouth with something more pleasant than he can fill it himself, and come back to me?" Then, turning to Zunuario, he said, "Be ready to return at noon."

Zagra presently returned, and the Inca opened the Bishop's packet, which contained the following letter:—

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\* This expressive word from the Inca language, means, generally, "a babbler;" slightly altered in sound, "one who reveals a secret."



"MY SON AND INCA—I am overtaken by a sea of troubles. Thou alone canst help me on to dry land; and if you do not, I shall be like a plucked hen in an *olla*.\* Let me have by this day week a thousand ounces, if thou lovest me and wishest me to live. They shall be returned to thee with fourfold interest. Send them by your own men to my chakra at Picchu, and I will be there to receive them; and do thou instruct the men to arrive some time after dark. Keep that chatterbox, Zunuario, with you for a day or two, or send him on some long errand in the contrary direction, till the wafers† arrive; for I would not have him know of

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\* This is too literally rendered; the exact equivalent in English would be "or my goose will be cooked," only it seemed too extra-episcopal to put such words into the Bishop's mouth.

† This is more slang from the Bishop, and rank blasphemy; but it indicates the temper of the Spanish ecclesiastical mind. When a bishop can call a gold doubloon *una hostia*, it is surely high time to give up going to mass.



my connection with you being so intimate.

"What are you reading now, and how is the health of your Incaship?

"We have bad news from Chayanta; and that *picaron*,\* Antonio Alliaga, deserves to be hanged from the highest tree in Azangara.

"We all need a strong dose of sharp physic, and I shouldn't wonder if some of us get it before long—only send on the dazzling virgins.



"From thine own Sacred Navel,†  
June 20, 1780."

Such was the Bishop of Cuzco's letter. It was not signed, but was sealed with a

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\* Literally, a villain.

† The literal meaning of Cuzco, the capital of the Inca's kingdom.

signet ring—a present from Tupac Amâru to the prelate. It was a ring of great antiquity, and contained a large emerald, with a cross of the above shape, cut in cameo. Now, a thousand gold ounces represents a sum between three and four thousand pounds sterling, or from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, and was not the first large sum which the Bishop had “borrowed” from the Inca.

The Englishman remarked, with characteristic phlegm—

“It is not easy to see whether the Bishop is the son of Zunuario, or Zunuario the son of the Bishop.”

The Inca, who became very thoughtful on reading the Bishop’s letter, rose from his seat, and quietly walked up and down the room.

“I know,” he remarked, aloud, “that this money is needed for nothing else than to pay for heavy losses in gaming; I know that the Bishop will suffer many humilia-

tions if he does not receive it; but I also know that if I send it he will be encouraged to play the more. Oh, Bishop, Bishop! thou art cursed with the vices of thy race—a lying tongue, a greedy eye, and polluted blood.”

“The Bishop has helped us much so far, and can help us still more,” the Englishman said.

“He has,” returned the Inca, with emphasis; “but, Zagra, the weapons of our warfare are not carnal. We can make them so if we will; but it is written, ‘Cursed is he that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm.’ I will make my confession to thee, Zagra. The last time—now some two years ago—that the Bishop made a similar request, I did not send him one thousand ounces, but three thousand. Hilipa, at my desire, would have doubled even that amount. We were then organizing our forces, exchanging off the Spanish priests for priests of our own race, and

getting some fifty of our own best men ordained. I sent that money as a bribe to the Bishop, and ever since my heart has smote me, as if I had hired an apostle to sell his Lord. No, we have too many starving and helpless brethren to nurse and tend, too many long journeys of redemption to make on behalf of our people; and we must send more messengers to Spain, to rouse the King from his lethargy. It would be sacrilege in me to send this money to the Bishop."

"Will he be offended?" asked Zagra-zmit.

"He will, doubtless, be greatly offended; and what is more, he could do us serious, irreparable harm. But the Bishop is too indolent to be vindictive, or to venture on our impeachment, or bring himself as prominent before the world as he is in Cuzco. I tell thee with shame, that if the number of illegitimate children of which he is the father could be known abroad as



well as it is known here, he would be deprived; and so would many, if not all, his clergy, and their places supplied by better men. But such things will not be known till we proclaim them, and we have made each man's safety to depend on his confessing the truth."

"Perhaps," suggested Zagra, "these dazzling virgins, as he calls the doubloons, are needed to feed and clothe some of these stolen lambs you speak of."

"Not so," returned the Inca, with severity; "without exception, all the women who have borne him children are from among the superior class. Some are wealthy, others are already married, none are in misery or need. Certainly, the Bishop is never troubled with them." And he continued to pace slowly up and down the room, his face wearing an expression of pain mingled with anxiety. Recovering himself, he said—"We will drop the subject, and think of other things;



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but the Bishop gets no thousand ounces from us."

And the Inca sat down and wrote a lengthy epistle to his Grace of Cuzco, and the only insincere phrase in it was the following—

"Perhaps, my lord, had you informed me of the real object for which the money was required, I might have sent it; but, from the secrecy with which you enjoin it should be forwarded, I was restrained by my fears, and could only imagine it to be for purposes unbecoming your holy calling. With those fears strong upon me, I should have been a partner in the guilt which I cannot refrain from reprobating, had I sent you this large sum of money.

"I am reading the life and sayings of one of the most remarkable men that ever lived—the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius; and feel strangely stirred by what

seems to me the divine power of some of his thoughts. It is true that this Emperor persecuted the early Christians; but if those early Christians of Lyons were anything like the Christians we have to deal with in this land, I cannot marvel at it. Had Atahualpa Inca exterminated Pizarro and his crew, that, also, might have been called persecuting the early Christians in Peru; and it would have been quite right to have so done. But I am too strangely moved to write you more on this subject.

"Alliaga SHALL be hanged as soon as our own case fits in with things.

"The news from Chayanta, which you mention, I received on the day after the murder of my brothers—the three chiefs.

"But, as it is written, 'Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days.'

"I send one of my trustworthy men with this letter, in case you are in very great

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straits, and if it be in my power to help you I will assuredly do so.

“I am, your Son in Christ, and

“GABRIEL TUPAC AMÂRU, Inca.

“From Tungasuca, June 24, 1780.”

The Inca handed this letter for perusal to his friend.

“Is it worth while,” Zagra asked, “to tell him about the *fandango*\* intended for Alliaga?”

“If,” the Inca replied, with calmness, “I thought he would believe it, I would tell him not only this, but of all our other plans; although nor he nor this Alliaga will believe us till the day on which he hangs by the neck before his own door.”

Zagrazmit, with the composure which only an intimate friend of the Inca could enjoy, placed a chair close to that of Tupac Amâru, and said—

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\* A peculiar kind of Spanish dance—here meant “the dance of death.”

"If we begin by hanging Alliaga, his must not be the only case of hanging. Matta Linares, Fernando Cabrera, and Landa, should all be hanged on one and the same beam, and on the same day; but for myself, I should prefer to shoot my game flying. If you hang any of these dogs without trial, they will call you a murderer; but give them a chance of fighting, and then cut them down on the field, your people will call you a deliverer, and your worst enemies a patriot."

There was a pause, and the Inca turned a serene face full towards his friend, and waited for further counsel. Zagra continued—

"The Caciques of Chincero, and Anta, and Pumacagua, are not to be relied upon. If you hang this Alliaga, who is not only a Spaniard, but a representative of the King of Spain, you will alarm these lukewarm chiefs, who, if they do not denounce you, will certainly hold aloof from you, if only



from fear of their own skins; nay, they may take up arms against you, and then the thread of all your mountain labyrinths, the key of every stronghold, will pass into the hands of your enemies. Vilca Apasa is, I know, worth all these other chiefs put together. You and he alone could, in any desperate case, keep the whole Spanish army at bay in these fastnesses. But your desire is not to live a caged eagle; and, to deliver your people from bondage, you must sweep this land free of its oppressors, and *reign* not only in Cuzco, but in every Peruvian's heart."

"Zagra, *che*, if my quarrel with Alliaga was a personal one, what thou advancest would avail. But he is not only one of the oppressors of our people, he is the murderer of their chiefs. He would murder me and thee in like manner, if his arm were long enough; and THE CORREGIDOR ALLIAGA SHALL HANG. But I see there is still something on thy mind. Let the sun never

cease to shine on thy thoughts and mine when we are thus together."\*

Here the Inca again rose, threw wide open the door of his room, and displayed, on the table before which they sat, models in gold of the insignia of his arms—a sun, a rainbow, and two serpents. The open door signified to all without that the Inca was within, and not to be intruded upon by any one, on any pretence; and this mode of displaying the insignia was an old observance to give sacredness to whatever might occur, and was equivalent to a prayer or a solemn objuration.

"Inca," Zagrazmit began, "the Princess Hilipa has never ceased to hope, to labour, and to pray, now these many years, that you may sit on the throne of your fathers. Not merely as a king demanding obedience to certain civil laws, but as a ruler and a doer of righteousness. You have already as-

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\*An old Incarial expression, inviting to the fullest confidence.

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sumed the latter function, and have gained the hearts of all the people of this region, and of regions still beyond, including numerous priests. How far you will succeed in uniting to this moral power any state or military force depends upon the forces you can bring into the field. We know them to be small, and they may be inadequate for other reasons. But if you make use of these and fail, your failure will be utter disaster."

He became silent for a few seconds, as if weighing to a nicety the reason that he was next about to urge why the utmost caution should be observed in taking a step such as that of hanging a Spanish magistrate. He continued—

"THE WORK OF RESTORATION which the Princess Hilipa began, and which she has continued through all these years with such glorious success, has been a spiritual work. By the time that YOUR MILITARY RESTORATION has proved as successful, and been



continued as long, you can measure your strength with the forces of your oppressors with perfect safety. At present, an armed conflict would be your ruin. The times are greatly against you; but three years ago you might have swept the pale-faced Spaniards from the soil of Peru into the sea. Everybody was bankrupt; the Government was in the hands of men who could do nothing but pick and steal, and tell lies; there was not the least power of resistance left in the land: there was nothing left worth fighting for. All that, however, is now changed; the silver devil once more rules the roast, and his admirers and servants will fight like fiends for the newly discovered pelf."

The Inca, with great calmness, and without raising his voice above a low monotone, opened a large account book, which seemed like an ordinary ledger, and said, keeping his eyes on the strange figures it contained—



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“Zagra, my good friend, with thy help and the help of the noble Polizon, of Zamaichuco, of Johanes, of Quispus and Chanta, Puma and Choqui, we banished from our mountains more than a hundred wicked priests; and in their places we put a hundred others, who have proved good shepherds of the flock. Our cities of refuge have multiplied and flourished; but, with all our efforts and successes, the Spanish Corregidores, the wardens, and magistrates, have doubled the burdens of the people who remain in their power; and their cry can no longer be disregarded. Dost thou not see that the more we do for the down-trodden and helpless, the more the Spaniard increases his cruelties? The escape of an Indian slave seems to make his Spanish master mad; and even if one of them dies under the lash, or from overwork, his death is resented on those who remain, as if they had caused it. Last month the deaths from scourges in the

*obrages*\* at Polluta amounted to forty; at Lampaquita, almost beneath our own eyes, ten young girls were flogged to death, sixty died from over-work and starvation, and five were found dead as they sat at the looms. At Tinta, men, women, and children are tormented worse, I think, than elsewhere. Thirty women were flogged, of whom twelve died; three men had their ears cut off. One *obrage* was, by accident, burnt to the ground during the night, and sixty charred bodies of our people were found among the rubbish the morning following. And, to crown his villanies, this miscreant, Alliaga, boasts of the murder of Rutabata, Pachamata, and Hunanata. We have exposed his previous crimes to the Court, and no answer or signal of redress comes to us. If, in the course of next week, we still receive no sign, we will punish those

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\* *Obrages*—workshops, a word in Peru that signified a manufactory of baize and linens.

crimes, to prevent the recurrence of others. And we will do this by hanging their chief author."

"Inca," said Zagra, "if the Polizon were here now, he would dissuade you from taking such a step. There are blunders that equal in their consequences the blackest of crimes. This may prove to be one of them."

But the Inca, without being moved by this portentous remark, continued to read from his judgment book—

"Two of our own men were buried alive in Cajacalmarca, being suspected of leading the people from thence to Tungasuca. Illiama, the wife of another of our men, had her tongue cut out, was stripped naked, tied to a tree, and shot to death with arrows, for not betraying her husband to the Spaniards—the very death which one of my own ancestors suffered in Lima, and for the same offence. These atrocities formerly made my heart sick,

and a horrible faintness, depriving me of sight and reason, would seize me when I heard of them. And now, thou seest, I can write them down in this account-book like a clerk entering the price of a *bulto* of straw."


Zagrazmit was as familiar with that apocalypse of crime as the Inca himself, but it affected him differently. It roused his hot blood, and threw him into a fit of horror and hatred, which, for some time, made him incapable of reflection. The Inca remained calm. He kissed the gold insignia which lay before him, restored them to their casket; and that exchange of sacramental confidence, as it might be termed, between the Inca and his trusty friend was over.



## CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

"The Spaniards insisted on having gold or silver, although the people had none, and tormented them till they obtained it. So that some of the natives fled to the woods when they had none, and could not tell where to find any; in consequence of which the Spaniards hunted them with dogs, dismembering many, while others went and hanged themselves."—Benzoni's *History of the New World*, A.D. 1565, book iii.

SPAIN THE SAME YESTERDAY AS TO-DAY—WHAT THE INCA SAW ON HIS TRAVELS—A SPANISH TOWN SURPRISED—THE COST OF A LITTLE SALT—A STRANGE INTERVIEW—A REVOLTED CHIEF—HIS EXECUTION AND WHAT CAME OF IT—A CITY OF REFUGE—RUN AWAY.

 MOST courteous and diligent reader, if the author of this story could, by means of some all-sufficient force, throw on to one single page even the shadows of the doings of past years, in like fashion as one can photograph the features of a dead friend, for his own sake as well as that of his admirers he would bring those times now before them within

the limits of the circumference of the iris of an eye, and they should see and understand them in the twinkling of the same organ, and be at no more trouble or labour to hold them in the memory than it is labour or trouble to the brain to receive through that medium the object of its joy. But the highest human pleasure, like the highest human knowledge, is as inseparable from effort and the bestowal of pains, as pure gold is inseparable from its colour; and with that assurance, and the sympathy which he believes he has evoked, he proposes to give to his gentle readers a few more retrospective glances at the biography of the Last of the Incas, and the history of the people whom it was his purpose to deliver from the bondage and pollution of Spain.

"Spain!" A shrill, sharp voice seems to wound the air with the demand, as if a startled conviction had just seized hold of the idea that, probably, as there never was

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but one Spain since Peru became a ruin—and never will be for ever more—the present Spain, with its massive ignorance, its colossal superstition, its inexplicable delight in animal torture, and its blighted intelligence, its festering corruption, with its everlasting shame, known unto all except to herself, is the same Spain that murdered the Incas, and knocked out the brains of twenty millions of harmless and kind people, for the simple sake of more easily picking their pockets.

And a low moaning voice, like the ceaseless moan of the never-resting sea, answers back, "Spain, the same to-day as she was in the days when her increase was the decrease of the world."

Some twenty years before the morning on which the conversation took place which is recorded in the last chapter, between Zagrazmit and the Inca—or, as he was then called, Gabriel Condorcanqui—the youthful heir to the Caciquate of Tunga-



suca, Surinani, and Pampamarca, began public life as a carrier; and, in that capacity, owned more than a thousand mules of the finest breed and service.

The position was one of responsibility and importance. The owner of a hundred *piarzas*, or troops of mules, enjoyed a social distinction in those days, in the kingdom of Peru, which could only be represented in our own by the whole board of directors of some valuable railroad. He not only carried the merchandize of Lima to the distant provinces, but also the quicksilver from the mines of Huancavelica to the silver mines of Potosi, where it was used for the extraction of silver from its ores. He likewise carried much of the silver, or *plata piña*, as it was called, from Potosi to Lima. Had it been possible for the short-sighted, drivelling, Spanish authorities to have made him their *Remesero*, or conductor of the royal remittances of bullion from the local mint to the capital, more



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money would then have been poured into Spain, and less of human blood into Peruvian soil. But no "Indian" could hold any office under the immaculate crown of Spain. The young chief conducted many of these carrying expeditions in person, and travelled through the length and breadth of Peru, thus obtaining greater and far more opportunities of becoming acquainted with its actual state, and the condition of its people, than any man then living.

It was an ancient custom of the Incas to visit the remote as well as the near parts of their empire. No Inca ever ascended the throne of Manco Capac who had not gone in person through the whole of his dominions beforehand. And the Princess Hilipa designed that Tupac Amâru should do the same, and for the same reason as did his ancestors.

The young chief, in the guise of a muleteer, made his journeys, and saw his people

perishing in thousands round that solitary hill at Potosi, where, in his days, there were not less than five thousand different openings, which were all worked for the precious metal, but at an expenditure of human life that is absolutely incredible. He saw the deadly *obrages*, or workshops, in the mountain villages, filled with living skeletons of men and women. He saw the parish churches turned into these manufactories, and parish priests turned into taskmasters, gaolers, and executioners. He saw drunkenness and debauchery go hand in hand with tyranny, and the profession of religion kept up solely as a mask for the practice of the most hideous forms of vice. He saw—Heaven only could know what he saw, and remain pure and calm!

But the most weary, sickening sight of all that met his gaze was the demoralization of many of the native chiefs, Caciques or Curacas, who had been corrupted by

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the example and influence of the regular Spanish clergy into so many swine. Their people lived like dogs, died like dogs, and were buried according to the universal practice observed in the burial of that proverbially faithful, but probably hopeless, brute. Some of these native chiefs, having been taken willing captives by the devil of strong drink, became the tools of Spanish officials in plundering the people, and keeping them in a bondage which no ordinary epithet can describe. There were a few bright exceptions. Among them was the Great Pacha, chief of Caupolican, a district rich in gold, cotton, and *coca*—densely populated, well watered, and the favourite region of those Spaniards whose greediness for gold made the simple natives laugh at first, but whose laughter was speedily enough changed to quite another form of emotion. It was the repetition of the old story; and the golden goose of Caupolican was slain, in the hope of ob-



taining an abundant and quicker supply of auriferous eggs.

One morning, the once busy and populous town of Aten, the capital of Caupolican, was found turned inside out. The church bells, as usual, began their early brazen titter, calling the old and the blind to mass, and the strong and the young to labour. But neither the young nor the strong, on that particular morning, obeyed the summons. Bewildered overseers, with broad-brimmed hats on their heads, and heavy whips in their hands, rode about the fields and plantations, but could not find a single pair of human shoulders, male or other, to have a cut at.

A chorus of corpulent priests were seen standing in front of the large white church, and staring at the sky with as much mute astonishment as if they beheld a cloud of pigs flying there, or any other creature equally unaccustomed to celestial aspiration.



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Presently, all the great officials appeared, leisurely rising from their delicious beds to their cups of comforting chocolate. When, lo! there was no chocolate, and not a soul to make it, nor a body to curse and to lash for the absurd irregularity.

By and bye the convents opened their lazy doors, and, because the usual morning's milk had not been delivered, great commotion ensued. Unshorn priests and dishevelled women, in utter oblivion of the disgraceful appearance that they presented to each other, huddled together in the *patio* or courtyard of the convent, like so many gorged vermin suddenly deprived of their warmth. There was no early comforting chocolate for them; and they cursed and spat, and finally dressed themselves, their thoughts being busy, for the most part, with unpleasant notions of pestilence and sudden death.

When all the inhabitants who were left remaining in Aten finally assembled that

morning in the Plaza to have their preliminary smoke and discuss the state of affairs, they might have been shaded from the pricking rays of the hot sun by a good-sized table cloth.

Pacha, the great chief, at last roused to action, had, during the night, carried off his people in a body to a land hitherto uninhabited, and not a trace could be found of their hiding-place; nor was anything heard of them for the space of seven years afterwards. Their retreat was finally discovered by an incident which occurred at the time that Tupac Amáru was sojourning for a brief space at Caupolican. It was in this wise. Pacha governed his people in their secluded home like a patriarch. He was their king and priest, lawmaker and judge; and some of his laws were very straight, and the punishment attached to their infraction extreme. One law was that whoever re-entered the town of Aten without leave should, if

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caught, be buried alive. Pacha and all his subjects were converted Christians; and during the whole time of their wanderings in the wilderness, they kept all the observances of the Church. Their tastes and habits had been fairly moulded by the superior morality of a faith whose chief object of adoration was a lovely woman, who, although a mother, had never ceased to be a Virgin. Among the chief deprivations felt by the pilgrims was that of the pure white salt of Aten, the taste for which they had acquired in Aten; and Aten was the only place where it could be procured. But to enter Aten without Pacha's leave was death.

Hagapita was the daughter of parents who were among the chief of Pacha's subjects. The child had grown up amidst the daily expressed longings for the much-coveted salt; and not heeding the consequence of breaking Pacha's dreadful law, and being moved by her mother's fond



recollections of the precious tasteful treasure, she set out one day, all alone, for Aten, and, after an absence of several days, returned into camp with as much salt on her little head as she could carry. But the dreadful Pacha took the maiden, Hagapita, and buried her alive. On this the parents revolted; and they and their kinsfolk escaped to Aten, denounced Pacha, and revealed his hiding-place to the Spanish officials. The speedy assembling of scattered Spanish soldiers took place, Pacha was taken prisoner by a well-planned surprise, and was brought into Aten on the morning that Tupac Amáru happened to be there.

Up to this time no definite ideas had taken possession of the young Gabriel's brain concerning his people's sorrows; he knew that they were in bondage and fear, enslaved by fell tyrants; but he had never as yet seen any stirring resistance to the one or hatred of the other which



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could suggest anything but that it was the sweep of an irresistible stream, down which he too must be carried along. He was a pious and thoughtful youth, and a loyal subject to the King of Spain.

But his visit to Aten had the same effect on him as David's visit to the Valley of Elah had on the future King of Israel. He saw the Goliath whom he had to slay face to face, and heard his bragging insolence; and he likewise saw his brethren, for the first time, fighting for their liberty. He blushed for his loyalty to Spain, for he found it to mean nothing but cruelty to his own flesh and blood; and when he saw Pacha in gaol, bound in irons, but as undaunted as a lion, he was converted from a bashful youth into a man with a hard purpose and a definite design, the only drawback being that duplicity and reticence were required to carry it into execution.

The young Gabriel went to the little tumble-down gaol of Aten to see the mis-

creant who had buried alive a little child; but, to his astonishment, he found a tall, grey-haired chief, of mild countenance and gentle manners, and who was attended by a man of different aspect, indeed, but possessing the same gentle, humane qualities. Pacha knew full well of the family to which his visitor belonged—spoke openly to him of the punishment he had inflicted on the hapless little Hagapita, and justified it; and invited the young chieftain's confidence by volunteering his own. There was no vindictiveness towards the Spaniards expressed in Pacha's conversation. He simply determined to deliver his people from the oppressions which ground them down into cold clay, and he had done so; and a fine Christian work it would be for all chiefs to do the same by their people as he had done by his.

"The road is now open to our stronghold," Pacha continued. "Go and see it. Take my children the blessing of their old

father, and tell them that the Spaniard can never afflict them again, if they are true to each other, and obey the laws that I gave them."

The two chiefs then relapsed into a conversation which showed on both sides a marvellous knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, as also a spiritual perception of the functions of the Church, and the benefits to be derived from an effective administration of her laws and discipline. The comparisons they were forced to make between the Apostles and their Spanish successors were not suggestive of rebellion, but most certainly of reformation; and yet it was a reformation that could not possibly have come to pass without much hard fighting, and fighting, not with the swords of Heaven, but with those of Toledo; but the hard logic of this, neither of the two men could as yet perceive.

"This faithful friend of mine, whom I am going to bind to you," continued Pacha,



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pointing to a handsome, fair-haired, fair-skinned, sailor-looking person, "has taught me, as he will teach you, more things in a day than you can learn by yourself in ten centuries, and which have taken seventeen centuries to travel to our mountain homes. Zagra," said Pacha, turning to the fair, sad face that was behind him, "thou wilt go with my friend, Inca Tupac Amáru, and be his friend as thou hast been mine."

Pacha had no doubt that his time was come to be despatched to the world of spirits, and this was the last and only request he had to make; and having completed that arrangement, he was thoroughly prepared for the journey.

There was something very touching in this interview between the two chiefs—so childlike were their mutual confidences, so simple yet earnest were their beliefs that a deliverer would come, whose coming should establish a reign of law, the effect



of which on the lives of men should be like the influence of light and warmth on the lowly grass.

Here a sound of movement on the outside of the gaol interrupted the conversation of the two chiefs; and happily relieves us of the necessity of pouring forth that stream of satire which is the due of all dreamers, who, while they know much of the evils which afflict the world, know nothing of the appropriate remedies which they require, and pass their days in mourning them or in doing that which makes the evils worse to bear.

"Come, hell-hound, and taste the same physic you bestowed so liberally on little children."

These words were spoken in a harsh voice by a Spanish officer in full dress to Pacha, and the gaol was speedily filled with common-looking men of the Mestizo class, carrying knives. Pacha made no sign. His countenance assumed a fuller expres-

sion—as if some of the gladness that wine bestows had suffused it—as he stepped from his cell into the courtyard of the prison. There he was bound in a sitting posture on a block, close to a post, his neck being tied to the post; and then they cut out his tongue, they cut off each hand and foot, and finally they cut off his head; and each of these members of Pacha's body was sent to the stronghold in the forest, and Tupac Amáru and Zagrazmit were the voluntary bearers thereof.

The handful of Spaniards in Aten could make no impression on the stronghold of Pacha's followers, and they must needs wait for considerable reinforcements before attempting to take it. It never was taken; and it remains to this day an independent settlement, seeking no intercourse with the larger world outside. But the brave Spanish garrison, although not strong enough to fight, had been deep and cunning

enough to entrap the for once unwary Pacha, and take him by surprise; and they remembered but too well the trick he had played upon them seven years ago, not to revel in the delight of having in their power the head which planned it, and the opportunity of showing his people how useless that head had been made for any further plotting.

So the youthful carrier, to be guided by Zagrasmít, undertook to carry the head of Pacha to the rebellious settlement, the Spaniards believing that the sight of it would so overcome their old servants and slaves that they would beseech their old masters once more to take them again into their loving service.

It was the surest way of maintaining his own integrity as a loyal subject of the Spanish King, as it was also the rough beginning of the plot which should emancipate his people from the Spanish yoke.

Tupac Amâru was also to use his in-



fluence in bringing the prodigals back to Aten.

The Last of the Incas, on his way to Pacha's retreat, heard from Zagrazmit the story of his own adventures, and so much of his life as served to explain how an Englishman came to be transformed into the bosom friend of an Indian chief. Zagra could speak both Spanish and Quichua; and, for aught known to the contrary, might have been the brother of one of the greatest dialecticians that England can boast, and a sharer with him of the strongest reasoning powers, mingled with the wildest fancies that ever fascinated a people who find their greatest delight in books.

Zagra's account of himself to the Inca was so coloured by the horrible deed of the morning, that the impression which it left on the mystical mind of Tupac Amáru was that this fair, handsome, but guileless yet eloquent stranger was some mysterious being in disguise, destined to take a part in



a great movement connected with the uprising, the enlightenment, perhaps the deliverance, of his race.

Then did the Inca tell to his companion the story of his own fortunes. But never to himself before did that story stand out in such vivid outline, or the full meaning of it become so awfully apparent, as when he related it to this mysterious stranger as they travelled together over the outskirts of the plain of Caupolican.

Led by Zagra, the Last of the Incas entered the settlement founded by Pacha. The sight was startlingly impressive. Everybody was at work, and everybody happy, with the cheerful happiness which welcome labour yields. For the first time in all his life the young Inca saw numberless human beings speaking his own language, born under the same sun, with laughter in their eyes, roundness in their limbs, and breathing an atmosphere of health and peace.

The entrance to this fortified colony was by a stone staircase leading from the plain below, and reaching to a height of four thousand feet above it. So sinuous, steep, and narrow was this stony pass—which was walled on both sides—that no horse could mount it; and only two men could traverse it abreast. On reaching the summit, the eye was arrested by the sight of a thousand houses lying in parallel lines a thousand feet below. This staircase was not only the one sole way of access to the settlement, it served also as an outlook; and round about the magnificent plateau which formed its base rose the mighty mountains which the foot of man could not climb.

The life of the colony was regulated on the strictest military rule, and military exercises formed part of each day's duty. It was, on a small scale, the restoration of the old Inca Government, with its stern laws, its wonderful order, its unreserved life, and

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its cheerful acceptance of death as the beginning of that brighter life which should never end. The only difference which a knowledge of the Christian faith produced among them was, that instead of Pacha and his friends forming a separate religious caste, possessing the sole right and privilege of exercising religious functions, they apprehended the idea, and taught it to the people, that all were equally the sons and daughters, priests and priestesses of One loving God and Father.

And if the voice of Zagrazmit could be made to ring through these pages, rehearsing the story of Pacha and Pacha's people receiving his account of how the divine love of this Father had been wedded to humanity, and we could witness the instant happiness that it produced, and how the full freedom of mind which it suggested and developed was made consistent with the civil life, bound round as it was



by the rigid military discipline imposed by Pacha, our amazement would be increased at the madness of the Spanish rule in Peru, and our horror at the woeful tragedy which followed upon it.

On reaching the foot of the stone staircase which conducted to this remarkable settlement, Zagra separated himself from the Inca and his two servants, and stepping back, stood erect, held up both hands at arms' stretch, and made the sign of the cross. This was a signal to the outlook which would ensure an unmolested approach to the entrance at the summit; otherwise a few well-directed heavy stones would have descended from the heights, and the ascent would be given up as impracticable.

The mortal remains of Pacha were then buried, and the Inca and Zagra entered the camp with as much cheerfulness as they could assume.

The reception which Zagra met with



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from the people might have produced the same envy as was experienced by the first King of Israel after that feat of the youth of the ruddy countenance which ended in the flight of the Philistines. Both Zagra's legs were seized by as many little children as could clasp them; children came about him like bees, and as if he were an accessible pot of delightful honey. The air was alive with children's voices, and the very sunlight seemed brightened with delightful smiles. Next to the happy turbulence of the children, the most notable thing which caught the eye was the sweet beauty of the girls and the women. It was a beauty unconscious, and without any help of the looking-glass, whose charm sprang from the delight it felt for the beauty it beheld in another. They were extremely fair and tall, and the grace of their persons testified as much to the healthful occupations in which they took pleasure as to their perfect freedom to be obedient and happy, and to

the inspiring climate of their mountain home. They were all engaged in spinning and weaving. The only ornament found amongst them was the spindle-wheel, carved out of stone, and highly wrought in etchings of flowers—love-gifts, probably, all of them.

The men were broad of chest and clean of limb. Here were not seen women carrying heavy burdens; all labour in the field was the work of men. Mothers were not allowed even to carry their young offspring. But that was a regulation for promoting the health and vigour of the child. A mother was prohibited from taking her baby in her arms to give it suck; from the earliest days of infancy the child was taught the free, unfettered use of all his limbs and all his senses. At a glance, it could be seen that this colony was regulated on the model of the ancient Incarial kingdom. Every hour of the day had its appointed work, and the work was a

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means for the development of the national life.

The first well-defined feeling of Tupac Amâru on beholding this mountain colony of peacefully happy people was a feeling of remorse for his backwardness in his duties as a great chief; and this, being mingled with the horror caused by the inhuman execution of Pacha, produced a sense of shame as he reflected on his friendly connection with Spanish officials, and the tacit connivance which this friendship implied that he had given to the cruelties which had reduced his own countrymen to slaves. But after remaining a few days at this settlement, making the acquaintance of its chief men, and seeing for himself the admirable order in which it was governed, and learning the secret revenge which some of the more resolute leaders nursed towards the Spanish race, the feelings of the young Inca became moulded to a definite form and purpose.



Tupac Amâru and Zagrazmit then told the heads of the colony all of the tragic end of their chief, Pacha, and where they had buried his head, his hands, and his tongue. It was agreed between them to keep it a secret from the colony; but it was thought necessary to declare publicly the claims of the Inca to the throne, and to invest him with the insignia of power. This was to be done on a future day especially set apart.

The preparations for this solemnity were highly characteristic, and set forth the intense vitality of the life derived from their ancient Inca faith.

It was a very old custom to signalize any solemn event connected with the Inca's life—such as his coronation, a great victory, his marriage, the birth of a son, or recovery from illness—by setting about, or in completing, some great public work of utility, such as the building of a bridge over some rapid stream, a new palace, or a



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house of baths near some celebrated spring; and on this occasion, when the Inca should return to these people as their sovereign, it should be not by way of the stone staircase which rose from the plain, but by a road to be wrought in the mountains, over which no human being, as yet, had ever passed. This would open a new route, which would lead to several important districts, without the necessity of passing through Aten; and a route which could never be discovered except by the treachery of those whose duty and whose interest it was to keep it a secret.

In the space of ten years there sprang out of this little mountain kingdom twenty others, and each was built and fortified as stealthily and as securely as a condor's nest. Oruro, Cuzco, Arequipa, Potosi, and Puno, each had its city of refuge, built after the fashion of that of Pacha, and for the same reason; and Zagrazmit was the only person who knew their exact locality, and

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who could pass in and out of all of them and be asked no question. It was he who planned their construction; who, by means of the Inca's mules, carried the women and children to them, and the men speedily followed with their llamas and alpacas; and the bewilderment of Spanish officials increased, the poll-tax diminished, the mines were forsaken, and the product of the great plantations fell off visibly.

## CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

"Believe me, gentlemen, one day's example of a good life would be more useful to these poor wretches than a year's lectures and doctrine; for with what benefit is it to preach odoriferous roses with the tongue, if you afterwards sell them pricking thorns in your works?"—Letter of DIEGO LOPEZ DE ZUNEGA, quoted in Benzoni's *History of the New World*, book ii.

"What, my young master? O, my gentle master!  
O, my sweet master! O, you memory  
Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you here?  
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?  
*As You Like It.*

A DREAM—THE HOME OF DOÑA PACHA—HER FATHER—HIS WEALTH AND INFLUENCE—THE POLIZON BECOMES THE SON OF ZAMAICHUCO—AN UNINVADED TERRITORY—DOÑA PACHA IN HER GLORY—MORE GLIMPSES OF THE OLD INCA LIFE—A REVIEW AND A FIGHT—WITH MANY OTHER THINGS WORTH KNOWING OF THE INDIANS.



LET us make one more visit to an Indian settlement in the warm, delightful valley of the Vilcunayo, before we return to Lima to learn what befell it under the double threat of

being poisoned by one set of Indians and massacred by another.

If we did not acquaint ourselves with the stronghold of the great chief Zamaichuco, we should not know how the Polizon came to marry the lovely Pancha; how he became the friend of the Inca; and how it was that Spaniard and Inca became leagued together in a deep-laid scheme for saving men's lives.

Pacha, whose head we saw buried at the foot of the stone staircase, had told Tupac Amáru of the great and flourishing Caciquate of Zamaichuco, and took his word for a pledge that he would go and see it; and he went, the faithful Zagrazmit going with him. It was a journey of five days, performed on the back of the patient, plodding mule, over great and wide mountains, now ascending, now descending, zigzagging between the earth and the sky; and for the honour of the mules of those regions it may be said that they are not like the frac-



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tious, vicious, obstinate brutes bred by accident in some countries, but they unite all the patience, endurance, and docility of the ass with the intelligence and swiftness and sureness of foot of the horse.

As the two men travelled along through the uninterrupted solitude of heaven and earth, their open and unfettered conversation deepened into an endearing friendship, and they sought rest for their vexed souls and aggrieved minds in such communion of thought as the scenes through which they passed suggested, or the bright, pure, and delicious mountain air inspired.

"Inca," said Zagra, as they were winding round the summit of a mountain ten thousand feet above the streets of Lima, "do you ever dream?"

"Very often; but I can never relate the dreams which come to me, they are so bright and happy; and where all are so mournful and sad, to tell a happy dream seems only to increase the prevailing gloom

which, like unto sullen clouds, surrounds the hearts of all my people."

"When we reach the top of this mountain," continued the Englishman, "we will give our mules a rest, and I will tell you of a dream that I once had, and which I have been dreaming over again all through this glorious morning."

They reached the mighty head of the mountain; and straight before them, and down, down, far below, and farther still above, and round about the vast horizon, was a wide, motionless sea of sapphirine light, with not a sound to disturb the rapture of the eye that, enchanted, gazed upon it.

"My dream," said Zagra, "might have been of this very scene we are now looking at. Only the place on which I stood was higher, the horizon wider, and the light deeper, without being darker. I was all alone, and as if I were the only man in all the world, and had been brought there

simply to look out of my eyes, and become a new being as I looked. Had I remained there five thousand years, I should not have become weary; for I was as free as the pure air, and as calm as the silence of the beauteous light. And still I looked steadily to one point, where there was no point to behold, and my eyes were fixed as might be fixed two lightless planets. Presently, I saw a light tremble, which was rather like a sigh of light than light itself, and it spread like a thin, burning wire round the whole horizon; and from out the spot where first the trembling light started there went creeping to the zenith a pale pillar of light, which gradually suffused all space, and swallowed up the deep, dark colour which, like a robe, had covered both earth and sky. The focus of this light increased intensely, as if the sun were about to burst in a molten flood, and consume all earthly things. The focus itself soon became outlined with ruby fire, in



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form like an oval, upright, and of the size to hold, as in a frame, the perfect figure of a man ; and the whole expanse round and about, and from the zenith to the nadir, became filled with countless fiery oval outlines, not upright, like the central one, but recumbent; and as I gazed, and as my eyes began to feel a pain which seemed to threaten them with destruction, so exceeding bright had the light become, suddenly that bright and burning light was softened by the appearance of a man, the sweetness of whose countenance tempered the glory of the scene to my eyes, and I became glad with a gladness which I felt could never change; and in the instant that this central figure appeared, all those myriads of fiery clouds were changed likewise into human beings, all supremely happy, and all of the same sweet fashion of countenance, as if it were derived from his appearing who was the first to come. Then I awoke, and wept to find it was a dream."



"I should call that a revelation, not a dream," said the Inca, who was lying on his back, and looking at the sky like one who would not be surprised to see it open and disclose its hidden magnificence.

How long he would have so remained, had not a cold wind, blowing the vapours from below into a blinding spray, roused him from his reverie, it is hard to tell. The two went on their way, each privately wishing for himself that dreams could be mined like gold, or stamped like silver.

The road was a steady descent of five thousand feet in a few miles, so they had to look to their steps, for the path was slippery as well as steep.

It was dark when they crossed the narrow, rapid stream of the Vilcumayo, and they had to pick their careful way along its stony, irregular banks, with no small risk to their necks.

"Who goes there?" suddenly demanded a strong, stern voice in Quichua.

"Friends," was the reply, in the same tongue.

"Friends from whom, and from where?"

"Inca Tupac Amâru," rolled out Zagrazmit, sending the final syllable flying round the hills like a ball.

"Zagra, chachau, kaima kaskanki?" and there and then rose up a boisterous mirth of laughter, which were a pity if the reader did not hear it.

Messengers were despatched to the house, now only a mile distant, who returned with a body of men, each carrying lighted torches which turned the darkness of night into the brightness of a red day; and in a little while Tupac Amâru, Inca, and Zagrazmit, Englishman, were eating warm chupi beneath the hospitable roof of the great chief, Zamaichuco.

If these two travellers had been both devout Spaniards, Zamaichuco would on that night, doubtless, have had his brains blown out or his throat cut, if for no other

reason than the dreadful amount of gold which everywhere, in the most careless manner, lay about, as if it were so much common crockery. The dishes out of which they ate their soup were of gold; so were the spoons, so were the candlesticks. The steel blades of the knives were inlaid with the dear, delightful metal; the utensils in the bed-rooms were of solid gold. Gold everywhere. It did not glitter; it was as modest in its quietude of calm yellow as if it were a lowly buttercup, and looked as capable of lashing men's souls into the anger and hate of infuriated devils as a primrose on a mossy bank might be capable of suggesting murder.

Zamaichuco was one of the very few native chiefs in Peru who, although paying tribute to the King of Spain, had never allowed an Indian to leave his estate, and would never consent to make a contribution of Indians to work in the mines; and the simple reason why he remained un-



molested and in peace was that the Spaniards had not acquired the art of carrying troops through the air, and, as there were no balloons at their disposal with which to carry soldiers, and no traitors in his house to steal his gold, or even to tell of its being there, Zamaichuco remained monarch of the mountains out of which springs the water that first sets flowing the mighty river Amazon, and where he maintained his power like the prince he was.

"Gentlemen, the Polizon—my son!"

The Polizon was one of those men whose sterling honesty is easily discovered, but which could not be bribed, nor could its eyes be closed; and it beamed forth from out his countenance like a charm to all good souls, and like a piercing sword to all bad ones. And as no one in Lima knew who his father was, perhaps not even himself knew, those wicked sons of spite called him Polizon; but because Zamai-



chuco and his Indians and his daughter did know him, they called him *The Polizon*, thinking it a title of honour—as it really became—to him, as well as a term of endearment.

The Polizon had been sent from the Court of Madrid to look after the royal fifths. He was a confidant of the King, and on that very account was disliked in public, and hated in private, by the aristocratic ironmongers and other mongers who made up the general and local councils of the capital and provinces of Peru. He had travelled through the entire country, visiting all the great mines, the great estates, the great chiefs, and gauging with his eye the approximate amount of tribute which was due to his royal master. But the commission, though a strictly honourable one in its origin, became degraded into that of a mere spy, through the malevolence of officials; and the Polizon dropped his connection with the Court, by

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simply remaining silent, and taking up his abode with Zamaichuco. The chief had fallen in love with the Spaniard at first sight; so had his daughter—just as the royal lady at Tumbez fell in love with Pizarro, and thought him a being descended from the skies. The difference between the two Spaniards was very great; as also, no doubt, were the circumstances and the times of the two men. Pizarro cut the throat of his lady, and then stole her property; the Polizon married, and became the loyal husband of the beauteous maid who waited on him at her father's table, and whom to see was to love.

Pancha and the Polizon rode about the vast estates of Zamaichuco as if they had been Amadis and Oriana; he slaying many giants and frightful dragons, and she restoring to the life and liberty of love and hope the despairing captives by her smile.

Zamaichuco had been in the habit of getting drunk every day of his life; his

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people had followed his example; disease and bodily infirmities had followed. And these were the giants and dragons which the Polizon had to encounter and to slay.

The blood of those giants proved to be the seed of a new kingdom; and in an incredibly short time farms of coca, vineyards, and gardens covered the face of the country; and enormous flocks of sheep and goats, and droves of cattle, gave new life to hill and dale. All this was the work of the Polizon, who threw all his energies into the management of his father-in-law's lands, into the organization of the native tribes who occupied them, into regulating their labour, storing its fruits, and, now and again receiving hints from the beneficent powers of heaven and earth (who, it is said, are constantly on the watch to give instruction where it is wanted, and where it will be put to the best uses) on the moral certainty of that great land one day becoming



a great, united kingdom of happy human beings.

The visit of the young Inca quickened these hints into practical ideas; and to carry them into effect, it was resolved that the Polizon should proceed to Lima, there take up his abode, and become an exponent of the Indian's cause at the Viceregal Court, as well as in private intercourse with the members of the Audiencia, or Great Council. Doña Pancha, as she was afterwards called in Lima, hailed this arrangement with delight; and when the time came for setting out on the journey, she started with the feelings of a child who wants to go to Heaven because there are to be found plenty of playthings, and not one earthly necessity for ever going to bed.

The morning after the arrival of the much welcomed strangers, Zamaichuco, the Polizon, the Inca, and Zagrazmit mounted and rode more than twenty miles to breakfast. They passed through nu-



merous small villages, with their white-washed walls and red roofs—thatched cottages, and other cottages covered with blooming flowers. The fields and gardens were occupied with well-dressed men and women. By ten o'clock the four travellers reached the warm banks of the river Cachismayu, where they were to breakfast, have the story of Pacha rehearsed, talk unconscious treason, and become linked together in a guild whose one aim at first was to save men's lives in spite of the Spanish Government, and then, as a possible consequence, men's souls, in spite of the poison dispensed to them through a medium of enormous curiosity to these mountain children, called *la sola y unica Iglesia de Roma*. There was no drawing up of articles, or declaration of creeds or doctrines; it was a simple conspiracy against vice and the visible powers of darkness.

Within a space of twenty years—that is,

from the meeting with Zamaichuco on the banks of the Cachismayu, and the conversation recorded in the sixteenth chapter of this eventful story—all the great chiefs of the Gran Chaco, and the vast country stretching down to Buenos Ayres, and round about for more than a thousand leagues, had exchanged confidences; and it had become possible to light up more than a thousand beacons on the heights of as many mountains, which in one night would set a well-equipped army of a hundred thousand men moving in a given direction.

There was no clearly defined intention on the part of any one of these chiefs to fire a single beacon, only it was an old Incarial custom to make signals by this means; and certainly there was a clearly understood intention among them that no more Pachas should lose their heads, and that if they did, and by the same means as Pacha had lost his in Aten, that the

blame should certainly fall upon them selves.

The work went on in secret, and great progress was made; the drunkenness of the native population decreased, and among those who were under the jurisdiction of the chiefs of the Inca confederation it ceased absolutely, and the people became devout without being fanatical, and intelligent, obedient, and industrious, without relapsing into pride. Their Inca had come again, and this was their pride and glory.

The ministrations of some of the highland clergy—creoles, chiefly—now began to be tinged with a new and simple form of mysticism which greatly weakened the social movement, as to describe or discuss it in these pages would greatly weaken the interest of this story, if it did not destroy it altogether; yet it must be set down as a fact which marred, in many cases, the great plot of sensible men, that the religious



enthusiasm becoming strong, the healthy seeds of human love and justice, honour and chivalry, which they had sown, in time were burnt up, and by that which became a devouring and malignant fire.

"Let us ride back by the causeway," said Zamaichuco, after breakfast was over, and he and his companions rode back to the chief's home in the hills, intending to arrive in time for the usual family dinner.

The causeway was a stone wall, six feet wide, carried along the steep sides of numerous hills to a great height, the result of penal labour established by the Polizon, and which served the purpose of shortening the road which led from the river to the chief's house.

A surprise awaited the chief and his friends on their return. The mansion was built on the side of a hill commanding an uninterrupted view of the valley. There were no trees or shrubs to intercept the sight; but, as the four horsemen wound



round the base of the hill, from whence they could see the front of the house—lo ! there was no house visible; the view of it had been blotted out by a mimic forest of trees, planted in avenues, and festooned with ropes of gorgeous flowers.

The horsemen drew rein, and stood in happy admiration of the scene. It was the first time that a smile had lit up their faces on that day.

“Pancha has been in her glory,” said the Polizon.

“Nor must we be scant in our praises,” said the Inca. “Your daughter, chief, is a true Child of the Sun, and knows how to beautify the earth, as well as to make glad the heart of a man.”

The early departure in the morning of the chief and his friends had been the signal for a hundred men, and as many women and maidens, to go abroad and fell trees, and gather flowers, and bring them in and build this bower, which had been

done in the course of the day, and with a strength and gracefulness which gave it the appearance of years of growth and culture. Roosting in the trees were calm and beautiful birds of brightest plumage, evidently saying, through their eyes—mute tongues of love—

“We have come to grace the welcome given to the lord of these lands.”

Moving quietly, or reposing underneath the trees of that improvised park, were numerous meek-eyed animals, some stately, some drollsome, with savage aspect, but with tamed spirit, all picturesquely adorning a scene which no painter could depict or poet imagine, unless he had lived among the Children of the Sun, learned their charming way of life, and learned something of their charming arts.

As the four horsemen came up the gentle slope leading to the chief's house, there sallied out from the trees a troop of maidens, dancing and scattering flowers.

These were followed by a troop of men, with musical instruments — horns made out of sea shells, cymbals hammered out of native metals, drums, and gourds a yard long filled with seeds, the shaking of which, mingled with the beating of drums, the mournful blowing of the shells, the shrill pipe, and the tinkling cymbals, made a noise like the concert of a primæval tropical forest, after the heat of the day had passed, and birds and all manner of beasts were hunting their prey or rejoicing over its capture.

Zamaichuco dismounted, and, taking the Inca's horse by the rein, led him through Pancha's park into the house. The maidens followed, and removed his travelling gear, and brought him fresh garments which, after they had washed his feet, they folded about him, and left him for a short repose.

The next morning the festivities thus begun in honour of the young Inca were continued—and it was designed to hold a



military review, and to have a fight. Strictly speaking, the word "military" should be omitted. These Indians of Zamaichuco were not soldiers; their exercises, though conducted with military strictness and admirable precision, had no relation to the ideas of war—their chief design was to promote the health and strength of the people; they were public amusements, by means of which the men were weaned from drunkenness and idleness. Their institution was as old as the Inca kingdom; and certainly the Polizon, who was a faithful and loyal subject of the King of Spain, would never have restored those exercises, much less pushed their practice among Zamaichuco's men, with the admirable vigour which he threw into everything he did, if he had ever dreamed that these amusements would issue in the formation of a national army that should one day make a bold stroke for the recovery of the Inca's sceptre, and for vengeance on the



Spanish tyrants who first stole that sceptre, and then turned it into a rod of iron.

Zamaichuco had no thoughts of forming an army. The Inca and Zagrazmit, ever since the horrible occurrence at Aten, and their visit to Pacha's stronghold, had never thought of making war by means of a drilled and organized force on their Spanish conquerors; on the contrary, their designs of revenge on the Spaniards took the form of running away. These exercises, therefore, were in reality as peaceable in their origin and design as if they had been games of football or cricket.

The presence of the Inca in this remote part of Peru did create an excitement; but it was an excitement similar to that which might be occasioned by some awful dignity of the Church visiting, for the first time in many centuries, a rural parish noted for prim gardening and its daily celebration of sacramental rites.

Pancha was first in the saddle to go to

the review, and she was now, as always, supremely happy when mounted on the back of her spirited little horse. She would scamper up and down steep hills where men would dismount and walk on foot; and by means of short cuts across mountain peaks would be the first to arrive at the appointed rendezvous, where she would wait to receive her more timid, more cautious, or more corpulent companions, with laughter and flashing eyes.

It was so this morning when she reached the heights of Atapani, and descended to the plain where the review was to be held. It is a magnificent plain, and was on that day occupied by thousands of stalwart men, brought together by the sound of the shell trumpet to do honour to the Inca—the guest of their great Cacique, Zamai-chuco.

At a signal from a sentinel, stationed just above the pass by which the Inca was

to mount to the plain, the army of Indians came on at great speed, and drew up in close order just as he appeared. They then began their evolutions; and after a long series of marchings and counter-marchings, now slow, now rapid, and all moving as one man, they formed into two lines, and presently the two compact lines, as straight and well trimmed as two arrows, dissolved into the utmost apparent confusion. Every man was on his knees or on his side, down on the ground; and by the time that one might count ten, was up again—the two lines now being formed into one line by wheeling what had been the front of the two short lines, and then, after facing, it began a slow, backward retreat, keeping its face to the Inca and his friends. A halt was sounded, and an officer approached the Inca's party, begging them to come and inspect the ground but just occupied by the men, and where they had broken into fragments, and fallen

down in a most unmilitary and undignified fashion.

The party came near, and found the whole length of the ground, which had been occupied by the two lines as described, enamelled with gold-coloured flowers, and on these were printed in leaves of bright red the name of the Inca. It was a charming trick, but the scale on which it was played elevated it into an impressive ceremony. In less than one brief hour not a trace of that vast ribbon of radiant bloom was left on the plain; but it was never effaced from the Inca's memory. Such was the review.

And now for the fight.

The assembly of Indians, which might well be called an army, became separated into two equal parts—one part rushing to the south of the plain, and the other part to the north—the intervening space between the opposing forces being somewhat less than a quarter of a mile. The only



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weapon which each man carried was a simple sling, and his ammunition was supplied by the stones of the plain. Time was given for each man to fill his sling with one stone. When the two sides stood to front each other, the signal for the first movement would be given; and the fight began by the combatants taking a short run towards each other, and discharging the first shower of stones in the air. These fell harmlessly to the ground; but the stones thus hurled were the only ones allowed by the rules of the sport to the contending parties for carrying it on. On the first discharge there was a rapid rush on both sides to pick up the stones, and the side which recovered the greatest number of stones in the shortest time, so as to be the first to send them, not now into the air, but into the enemy's ranks, would, as a rule, be the winning side. The contest, however, was seldom decided in less than four or five hours; for a single

stone, if large enough, and hurled with sufficient force to send it dropping into the midst of the enemy, would cause a precipitate retreat of the whole side, and the loss therefore of so much ground.

On this occasion, the south sent such a shower of unmerciful missiles into the army of the north, that it was driven in on its lines and taken captive, to the great amusement of the lookers-on, and especially of Doña Pancha. In the days of drunkenness, before the beloved Polizon began his work of reformation, these conflicts with the sling were bloody, and fatal to many men and women; for the women would then likewise turn out to carry stones to the slingers, and take their share in what was nothing more nor less than a pitched battle between contending tribes.

After the discomfiture of the north, the whole army was formed into a square, drawn up in front of the Inca; and ten

slingers of renown were set apart, each armed with his sling and a pouch of hide filled with stones. Ten birds of the heron genus were then let loose, and the birds were killed on the wing by the stones from ten slings, as if the stones had been bullets from so many rifles.

Here followed a distribution of prizes, very characteristic of the old Inca life. Twenty large jars or vases filled with chicha (a highly refreshing and invigorating drink made from maize) had been carried up from the valley. Zamaichuco, with singular deference to the young Inca, handed to him a large gold cup. The first of the twenty jars was then opened, and the Inca drank to the renowned archers; and with his own hand filled a number of small gold cups, which he presented to those who, by the selection of their comrades, were to receive this honour. Afterwards, the Inca proceeded to taste of each of the jars; and by this ceremony all

who drank of the liquor which they contained would have the distinguished privilege of drinking with the Inca.

After this part of the celebration was over, Zamaichuco took the gold cup which he had offered to the Inca, and filled it with chicha, drank of it himself, passed it on to the Polizon, who handed it to Pancha; and these all having partaken of it, Pancha returned it to her father, who, having filled it again, emptied it at one draught, stood up in his stirrups, and raising the now sacred vessel above his head for all to see it, he hurled it, amidst a mighty shout, as far as he could amongst his people; and during the struggle which followed for possession of the great prize, Zamaichuco and his friends returned home.

After such manner was the Inca entertained at Zamaichuco's house; and on the day he took his departure, a triumphal procession was formed, which accompanied



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him across the mountains for three days. Nor did he and his friend Zagra arrive unattended at their own home in the Surinami hills.

They were a mute people, much more given to doing things than talking of them, reserving their lungs not for singing and shouting, but chiefly for climbing mountains and carrying burdens. But their round, wide-open eyes spoke more eloquently than could their tongues of their happy way of life, their love for one another, and their passionate loyalty towards their Inca King.

## CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

“There were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fears; who swore they saw  
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.  
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noonday, upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking.”—*Julius Cæsar*.

“Huge trunks and stones,  
And loosen’d crags, down, down they roll’d with rush,  
And bound, and thundering force. Such was the fall  
As when some city by the labouring earth,  
Heaved from its strong foundations, is cast down,  
And all its dwellings, towers, and palaces,  
In one wide desolation prostrated.”

Southey’s *Roderic*, xxiii.

### THE ENEMY COMES.

**B**UT we must hasten back to Lima, and take up the thread of the story there, where it was dropped. Outside the Viceroy’s Palace, in the now densely crowded Plaza, the public anxiety had kept pace with the rising barometer, which stood at fever

heat. All the churches were filled with eager worshippers, chiefly women, whose belief in the working of miracles by means of dead saints or their wooden effigies was, to say the least of it, as strong as their fears.

As the evening grew darker, many lights were seen moving to and fro on the heights of San Cristoval, at the back of the devoted city. Numerous people poured in from the outlying estates and farms: rich landed proprietors, with their families; also monks innumerable, with priests and friars from the surrounding villages, and the mountain chacras and haciendas—each monk, in Christian charity, taking compassion on some helpless woman; for not a monk, or priest, or friar rode into Lima that night without a woman mounted behind him, who was generally very good-looking, and some of them were quite pretty. The rush of the increasing human tide became alarm-

ing. It was as if the estates, chacras, villages, and quintas of the plain and the hills had received notice that they would on that night be destroyed with fire and brimstone, and that Lima was the Zoar where alone safety could be found from the fervent elements.

There was no card-playing that night at the palace, or in any private dwelling. The abominable places of amusement which surrounded the cathedral, or were located in the Calle Real, were deserted, except by the fat negro servants, who were fast asleep in the corridors and on the doorsteps. Every monastery and priest's house was empty of man and woman. They were all at church, having been frightened thither either by the thoughts of the past or the coming of the Iscuchanos; at any rate, there was a general movement in the direction of the House of Mercy, where weak men and silly women were sure that they could make friends



with One who was more inclined to long suffering and compassion than to justice and severity.

The excitement became general. It was like to nothing else than what is known as a run upon a bank in panic times. Thousands could not get shriven who were eager and anxious to get rid of their wickedness, because the confessors were so few. The poor souls who thought they could pour their sins down the ears of a priest as easily as they could dispose of their dirty water down a sink, were greatly to be pitied; and they stood trembling and horrorstruck at the bare idea of having to perish everlastingly for a mere accident, or because it was then ten o'clock at night instead of eleven in the morning. But to enumerate these details suggests that one has a personal pleasure in contemplating them; and that, like the grim prophet on the heights of Carmel, it is a triumph to watch the ineffectual call for help on the

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part of those who, up to that time, had lived in the persuasion that it would come with the asking.

The hot night crept slowly on, and the dreaded enemy seemed to many as only a chimera, or the dream of a troubled conscience, which disappeared with the incense of the mass as it floated to the skies. The full-flowing sound of the sacred choir took possession of many devout souls, and appeared to soothe them as a mother's breast soothes and comforts a child in pain.

What sound was that ?

Two thousand people were kneeling inside, and twice as many outside, the cathedral, and all the eyes of those within were raised as by an electric shock to the roof; for from there it seemed that the loud, sharp, crack had come. In all the other churches, the same sudden sound had startled all souls, and made them quake.

Then came another sound—long, low and persistent — which penetrated every heart

and shook it. The enemy was upon them—escape was now impossible.

“Misrecordia! Misrecordia! Misrecordia!”

The wretched Indians, creeping stealthily with their tubs of poison towards the reservoir where St. Thomas stored the water of the city, fell to the earth, as if conscious that the constables of Heaven had discovered their diabolical plot, and had come to arrest them.

The sound of a mighty rushing wind now filled the air; but moved nothing in the sky, nothing below it. A roaring tempest swept, not over, but under the earth, and moved its foundations. The winds, escaping from the fists which held them, dashed in pieces the mountains, and hurled their fragments on the prostrate multitudes below.

“Misrecordia! Misrecordia! Misrecordia!”

The stones of the street, as if they had



been the teeth of hell, gnashed themselves together, as raging for their prey, and were fearful of losing it.

"Misrecordia! Misrecordia! Misrecordia!"

"Are the gods deaf? Has Heaven forgotten to be gracious?"

Dense, sulphurous fumes rose out of the ground, suffocating and stupefying men, women, children, and dogs. The gallinazos fell dead among the people, looking like fallen fiends rather than birds.

Wild cries of terror increased, and seemed to rend the very heavens. But the heavens were as brass.

And now, the same sharp, snapping sound which first came out of the cathedral roof, as it seemed, is repeated. It is here, it is there. It must be some imperious coachman cracking his whip, to hurry on the chariot of time to the end of all things. Why, the thunder of the wheels makes the very earth to quake!



"Misrecordia! Misrecordia! Misrecordia!"

Has the great and wide sea broken over the face of the earth, and every wave become a tongue, with a shrieking, bitter cry?

This is not life! It is the dead showing their commotion. This is not Lima! It is a grave.

And the sun did return to the city, rising to look at it as if nothing had happened. And with the early sun came a refreshing stream of air. And this was all the mercy that Heaven had to bestow on many a prostrate wretch, stretched there on the earth, speechless with fright and horror. The shock that brought so much destruction had lasted perhaps a hundred seconds of time. But those seconds had seemed to many, and were to some seven thousand souls, an eternity. Several streets became mere heaps of rubbish. Many of the churches were in

ruins; the towers and front of the cathedral fell down, killing many; the gaols were thrown open by invisible hands, and all prisoners, except those of the Holy Inquisition, made their escape.

The Plaza remained full of people, all kneeling, none thinking of helping others, none being capable of thinking of anything but his or her own wicked soul. There they lay, afraid to move or look up, like over-driven cattle. There they lay all that night and the greater part of the next day, or, at least, until all the Church processions were over.

There was nothing in all Lima that brought the priests and monks so much golden honey, as *un fuerte temblor* — a stout earthquake. And now might be seen many a bare-footed, tonsured priest and friar, threading their beggarly limbs through the crouching multitude, and receiving earrings, bracelets, finger rings, and necklaces, of great value, in little tin

boxes, as offerings to the offended God, or as prices for certain prayers. The men gave nothing, knowing that all their presents, and many a treasured *recuerdo*, or memento, would pass out of the hands of the fair into the box of the friar, and that they would have to replace them.

On that morning Lazarus might have had all the purple and fine linen of Dives for the asking.

The city was darkened with clouds of incense, and the fat Archbishop of Lima, trembling inside like a hiding thief afraid of being caught, appeared at the head of a magnificent procession, carrying His Majesty, *su Majestad*, not of Spain, but of Heaven. This was a costly little gold box, called the *custodia*, sparkling with matchless diamonds and emeralds, snatched probably from the ears of Inca princesses; and this little box contained the body of God! though some said it was only a round wafer baked during an incantation. This



the Archbishop carried in his hands; and all the people turned their eyes towards it and worshipped. After the Archbishop came the Viceroy, with a rope round his neck, his feet bare, his head covered with ashes, and looking as if he hadn't a penny in the world to bless himself with. After him came certain members of his family, with ashes on their heads, and ropes round their necks, crosses, and other divers *penitencias*, and clothed not in purple, but in rags. Then came a thousand priests and friars, in gorgeous robes, and fantastic hats, some carrying banners, some images in silver and gold, others swinging silver censers, and others carrying valuable old bones, as being part of the anatomy of men whose goodness, when living, was to make up for other men's lack of it.

But the great beauty of this procession of more than three thousand bishops, priests, and deacons, soldiers, statesmen, and high-born ladies, was the image of our



Lady of Rosario, the patron saint of Lima, *colgado en sus andas de plata con toda grandeza*—carried in her silver litter with all grandeur. Every layman and laywoman carried an enormous candle in the right hand, and some of the principal women carried silver doves, from whose beaks issued thin streams of thrice blessed incense.

The procession walked all round the city. Each of its gates was separately blessed, and sprinkled with holy water, and a new cross planted near.

And so the city acknowledged its sins, and repented of them according to the rules of a gorgeous ritual, and once more renewed its faith in that Church which, if it could not prevent earthquakes, could perhaps shorten their duration and mitigate their fury; but, without a perhaps, could make things pleasant, and restore them to the same comfortable assurance as existed before.

The Spanish Government had now been trying for more than two hundred and fifty years to introduce order and civilization into Peru. It did not succeed, and one reason for its failure might be suggested by the exhibition of this morning. The Viceroy, the highest official and most important civil person in those kingdoms, was made to walk like a criminal in a public procession, his head covered with ashes, his feet bare, and a rope round his neck; which signified—if it signified anything—that the Government of Peru repented in dust and ashes for its past sins, and its members confessed that they deserved hanging for some of the sins which they had committed.

The Viceroy knew well enough that the gold he had received, and which he had shown to the Marchioness, only represented so much dust thrown into the viceroyal eyes—blinding him to acts of injustice, whereby the bribers would make ten

or twenty times more money than they had presented to him.

Well, he would repent of this. And he did, after a fashion prescribed by the spiritual authorities. But he kept the gold.

Some of the best laws for governing a people are to be found among the "*Leyes de los Reynos de las Indias*," but the men who were sent to administer those laws were among the basest of mankind. The Church stepped in here, and by the connivance of the State found out a method by which the corrupt judge, the unjust magistrate, the perjured constable, and every other official, from the highest to the lowest, could be saved from the lowest infamy by passing through a sort of religious Bankruptcy Court on paying certain fees.

The Church undertook the pardon of all sinners, but confined its mercy chiefly to those who could pay the highest price for it.

Such was the immaculate Government which prevailed throughout the New World from A.D. 1500 down to that summer morning when Lima lay in ruins, A.D. 1780, and for some little while longer after that.

Such was the Government that superseded the wise and beneficent rule of the Children of the Sun, under which rule the people prospered; for justice was duly meted out, and the whole land was in the enjoyment of health.

The whole land is now covered as with a pall of pestilence and corruption.



## CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

"There she lies, in the long white lazar-house."

*The Ring and the Book.*

THE MARCHIONESS KIDNAPPED—A SURPRISE FOR THE  
POLIZON—"THE PLACE WHICH THEY CALL HELL"—  
DOÑA PANCHA HAS ANOTHER DREAM—"THE MAR-  
CHIONESS DE ZANDUNGA LIES DEAD IN THE COURT  
OF THE MOST HOLY INQUISITION"—A WELCOME  
VISITOR—GUIDO ALVARO IN THE DARK.



HE beautiful Marchioness de Zandunga was a prisoner in the filthy dungeons of the Inquisition, spirited thither from the viceregal palace, and from under the eyes of the Viceroy.

This could only have been achieved by the perfidy of a priest, and such a priest as El R. P. Fray Don Segundo de Oscuras, or, in plain English, the Reverend Father Friar Sir Darkness the Second, probably a connection of Darkness the First, or

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Prince of Darkness as he is sometimes elsewhere styled.

The bare-legged, bare-headed myrmidons of the Chief Inquisitor had been instructed to watch their opportunity of kidnapping the dear old lady, and they had succeeded, in their peculiar way, but too well. Oscuras full well knew that it was the intention of the Viceroy to deliver the Marchioness; but his conscience, and his zeal for the cause of the Church and the Crown, impelled him to the use of every stratagem for preventing either danger to the one or scandal to the other.

It was nothing to him that the Marchioness was a lady, or even a Catholic; the Inquisitor believed that she was mixed up in some mysterious way with the impending conspiracies, and no power on earth could prevent his unravelling those mysteries, even though he should have to put the thumbs of the Marchioness into a

Catholic vice, or her delicate limbs into some other equally infernal machine.

The hurrying figures which the Viceroy saw dimly flitting before him down the marble corridor of the palace were none other than the creatures with low foreheads and long arms whom we saw standing there on the day of the Great Council, and who, having thrown a huge black cloak over the head and shoulders of the Marchioness, carried her by a surprise through the small iron postern gate of the palace which leads to the dungeons of the Inquisition.

But the Viceroy knew nothing for certain. He had a momentary suspicion—a sort of mental perspiration of something being wrong; but his own cares and anxieties came in his way, and prevented his being able to think of anything but himself. Even on discovering that the Marchioness was not in the room where he expected to find her, his brain was not free

enough to act for itself on what that palpable fact might suggest. The unearthly heat—the forerunner of the earthquake—the terrible mission undertaken by the Polizon, and the dread he had of the Polizon being either mistaken or deceived, conspired to make the Viceroy oblivious of all things except his own sinful soul.

Nor did the Polizon know anything of this infamous capture, for he was occupied with his own plot to deliver the city of Lima from death, and the poor tools from hanging who had been induced to pour the poison intended for the Spaniards into the box of St. Thomas.

Doña Pancha, of course, knew nothing of it; and she, in a pet, or wearied with expectation, or, perhaps, forgetting the orders that she had received to remain at the quinta until her husband's return, had ordered out her caleza, and returned home.

The earthquake had seemingly robbed



everybody of his common sense. For, when the Polizon did arrive at the Marchioness's villa, and was told by the terrified inmates that his wife had gone home hours ago, it neither occurred to him to inquire for the Marchioness, nor yet to the major-domo to ask the Polizon what had become of his mistress. Every man, woman, and child seemed to be possessed of the devil, or, which is perhaps quite as bad, of the firm belief that that dread personage was looking for them, and had as much right in them as the constable has in the escaped felon.

The Polizon was anxiously thinking about his wife; the only effect which the horrible confusion caused by the reeling of the earth had upon him being to produce a fear that he would certainly find her a corpse, or mad with fright; and he ran, heedless of the dreadful scenes which everywhere met his eyes, and the dreadful chorus of discordant sounds which filled

his ears, on to his isolated home on the brown slope which trembled downwards from the hills to the sea.

A singular surprise awaited him. He found his Paloma, his dove, his humming-bird, quietly sitting at a table in her own room "at work," as she called it—painting egg shells, or, rather, daubing them with paint.

As her husband hurriedly entered the room, she coolly greeted him with—

"You are very late to-night, sir."

The answer would have been a boisterous kiss, had Doña Pancha not kept her husband at arm's length with—

"Take care, sir; these are my eggs, and I don't want them smashed."

"Have you been very much frightened, Pancha?"

"Not in the least."

"Did you not feel the earthquake?"

"Oh! I heard the servants scream, and your dogs howl."

"Well, Panchita, thank Heaven you are safe. Do you know that Lima is a heap of rubbish, and half of its people are buried beneath it?"

"Is the Marchioness buried?" she asked, with much coolness.

"The Almighty God forbid!" was the reply, in a tone of surprise, dashed with a little anger.

During a lengthy cross-examination, the Polizon, to his utter amazement, found that his most lovely child-wife was, after all, a woman—had grown a woman in the space of six hours; for she had been for six hours jealous.

He was struck by it with a comic wonder, like the fond and foolish father who verily believed for a period of six weeks that his first-born was a son, and only found out his mistake by accident. But as the fond father had too much sense to scold his wife for what, perhaps, was no fault of hers, so the Polizon loved his



wife too wisely to allow her to shy, like a startled horse, from under his loving control. So he said to her, with a tender archness—

“Pancha, shall I go back to the Marchioness?”

Pancha, for a reply, sent an egg shell filled with scented water flying at him, which hit and splashed in his face. And after that there was a housequake of laughter, and lips pouted, and lips kissed; and all was bright and sweet again, as primroses after the rain.

“Pancha, shall I go back to the Marchioness?”

How does dumb time now and then steal away in its flight all sense and meaning from out the best words of the best of men! Had the Polizon been suddenly born again, and asked his mother if he might go to heaven in a coach and six, it had not been a more childish question than the one which he now proposed.



Had he known where the Marchioness then was, as well might he have proposed to his own great heart to carry that drop of water to Dives, as to "go back to the Marchioness." But he did not know; and so the pleased prattle between himself and his dove went on, as if they had never been married, and never dreamed of being so.

It was the custom of this happy pair to go early to bed, and Doña Pancha always preceded her husband by a couple of hours. It was now very late, and the child-wife informed her husband that she was going to do up her hair. For she passed as much time at night in putting it up as she did in the day in taking it down. The Polizon took out his last cigar, to pass away the time of the hair-dressing—ponder over the events of the day, and make some provision for the probable events of the morrow. For a man who has confronted the would-be assassins of a city full of people, and

has to confront its chief magistrate, and, perhaps, the Chief of the Inquisition—who always makes it his business not to be satisfied with a simple explanation—has much need to be on his guard when giving an account of his proceedings. He had hardly begun to enjoy the soothing rest which the benign tobacco gave him, when his wife, in a sharp and startling voice, cried—

“Poli, come to me, I want you. Come, come now. You can smoke here.”

So the good-natured Polizon joined his wife in her dressing-room.

“Poli,” she began, holding in her mouth the end of a long twisted rope of hair, whilst her hands were busy in plaiting another—probably to tie them together for the night—“you, who know everything, do you know what the place is like which they call hell?”

The Polizon was very much astonished by the question, which, however, was not so

out of harmony with the events of the night as to make him think it unnatural; and therefore he, in a half solemn, half curious tone, was about saying that it was generally represented as being hot and—

When she interrupted him with—

“No, no, not hot, it is cold—cold and dark, with dreadful noises which curdle your blood to hear them. It seems to me that I have just been there.” Then taking the two long twists of hair in each hand, she added, in a confident tone, like one relating a dream, “And there the Marchioness is now lying. I have seen her. Just before I called you, this room became all dark and cold, and noises came into my ears like the rattling of chains, and fiends flitted about; and I saw two of them carry the Marchioness into a deep, dark place; and she is dead, and there they have left her lying on the floor.”

This was Doña Pancha's mode of relating her sleeping or her waking dreams to



her husband; and all argument, expostulation, or playful joking only exasperated her into a more emphatic belief in their reality.

These dreams, or visions, had in more than one startling instance been found to be true. But it was evident that in this case the nerves of the child-wife had been shaken by the earthquake. Her mind, preoccupied with the Marchioness robbing her of her husband's love, and jealousy giving way to fever, had induced this "dream."

Such, at least, was the only rational theory that the Polizon could form, or explanation he could give to himself, respecting this revelation of the infernal regions propounded by his dear little wife; and, burying her small head in the great raddle of his beard, he said, in a soothing voice—

"Are you very sorry for the poor dear Marchioness, Panchita?"

"O, Poli!" she exclaimed, looking up, "if



we could only get her back again, we would all live together and never separate—never, never, never. But oh, she is dead, dead, dead! I see her now, down there.”

“She shall come back to you, and we will all go and live together at the chacra, and be happy. Guido is going to be married, and we will have a home in the hills that shall be as bright and as sweet as the fruit which grows there. We will live among ten thousand of your own people, whose smiles shall make the heavens bright for thee on the days when the sun hides his face in the clouds.”

As the Polizon was thus charming his wife back from the imaginary horrors which, like a fit of apoplexy, had seized her brain, there came a sudden thundering noise at the front door of the quinta, and the Polizon would have disengaged himself, if he could, from the convulsive grasp which held him, and gone to answer it. But not the grasp of the beautiful arms

only, but also the eloquence of her heaven-dressed eyes, had more power to keep him at her side than the force of all the arms of all the Uranids.

"You will not leave me, Poli?"

Again came the impatient, angry noise, and the Polizon, wrapping his wife in the penetrating warmth of a vicuña robe, carried her in his arms to the door, and opened it.

A crouching figure was seen darkening the night as the Polizon threw open his door.

"Don Juan Espantoza," exclaimed this muffled figure, "I have come to tell you that the Marchioness de Zandunga lies dead in the court of the most holy Inquisitor, and I think that it will be well for you to remove her body, in order that it may be buried in her dear husband's vault."

The Polizon knew the voice of the speaker, though he could not see his face.

Doña Pancha had most certainly heard that voice not many hours before.

It was none other than the voice of the Chief Inquisitor, who alone was found equal, amongst the number of his diabolical confraternity, to carry such a message on such a night to its destination.

"Friar," exclaimed the Polizon, "explain the meaning of these dreadful words. I know that the Marchioness was but a few hours since hearty and well. How am I to account for her lying dead, and in the gaol of the Inquisition?"

"It were better that you came with me at once, and know, on the spot where the body of this unhappy lady lies, all—as much as knows the Holy Tribunal itself."

The Polizon, sufficiently acquainted with the cunning of the officers of the Inquisition, was not altogether taken aback by the fearful news brought by Friar Darkness, confirmed, as it might well be to him, by the vision of his wife; and he said—

"Have my ears turned traitors, or is it true that the most noble the Marchioness de Zandunga is in the hands of the Inquisition?"

"I have nothing to add to what I have said," replied Oscuras, "except that you had better return at once with me to the Holy Office."

"Return yourself," replied the Polizon, in anything but a lowly voice. "I will be there as soon as you are."

And leaving the door open, he carried his wife into her own room, where he had found her among her egg shells, and laid her in her hammock as if she had been a child; and the Inquisitor returned to his own place.

"You see, Poli," she said, as he knelt down beside her, "the Marchioness is dead after all. Oh! oh! oh!"

"Am I mad, or has the devil broke loose upon the world? The Marchioness lying dead in the infernal hovel of the



Inquisition? Pancha, when did you leave the Marchioness?"

"The Marchioness left me. This man whose voice I heard but now was with us both at the quinta—he came to bring me your message to remain there till you came. He and the Marchioness had a long conversation about Indians, and about poison, and about you, and everything; and when he left us for the palace, the Marchioness followed after him, and when she and you remained so long away I came home. Of course you had both forgotten all about me."

All this was news to the Polizon.

"Tell me, Pancha, how it was that this Oscuras and the Marchioness fell to talking of Indians and poison."

Doña Pancha, in her picturesque but somewhat incoherent manner, then told her husband of the events of the day as they had occurred to herself—her arrival at the quinta with his message to the Mar-

chioness, the apparition of the Indian in the garden, the excitement of the Marchioness, the private interview that she had with the Inquisitor in the ante-sala, and her departure for the palace to see the Viceroy—"looking all the while as angry and as handsome as a young war-horse,"

From all of which the Polizon had no difficulty in seeing the way that had led the Marchioness into the clutches of Sir Darkness the Second; and it was equally easy for him, as he thought, to see the snare which was being laid for himself also. But in that he was over-sensitive. Oscuras was really anxious for the body of the Marchioness to be removed from the Sanctuary of the Inquisition, and to effect this he communicated in person with the Polizon. The Inquisitor had overshoot his mark in apprehending the Marchioness as he did; and was even so far human as to confess—to himself—that he

had been mistaken. No "mistake" would have been made but for the untimely death of his victim. Had she lived to be questioned under the pressure of the thumb-screw, or the more delicate and interesting operation of the boot, some crowning result would have followed, some end gained that, in the bloodthirsty jargon of the Order of Jesus, would have justified the means taken to obtain it. But the woman had most vindictively died, slipped through his fingers like a flash of lightning, and left him standing and gaping, looking like nothing else but a commonplace body-snatcher.

From which wholesome reflections it is more than probable that the ingenious reader believes, with the Polizon, that it was for no purposes of human or divine charity that the Inquisitor had made that untimely visit. If an anointed Inquisitor has slipped his foot, surely there is a providence attending his path that will help him

to recover himself; but how much more the Chief of the Inquisitors of the kingdom of Peru?

The thoughts of the Polizon were now in the hands of harpies, snatching them from his grasp, and throwing them, in their bewildering playfulness, to the winds. His unbounded and pure love for his wife seemed for a moment to be transformed into one of these malignant, irritating snatchers; his devotion to the noble Marchioness appeared changed into another of the same breed; and between the two, no wonder if, in that moment, he lost some of his presence of mind.

There lay his wife before him, pale and fragile, her eyes shining with an unhealthy brightness, her thoughts and her heart absorbed on some far-off object which only she could discern, apparently unconscious of the presence of her husband; and yonder, in the ghastly and polluting caves of the Inquisition, lay the Marchioness—his



dearest friend, and the most noble woman in Peru, the life and soul of all his enterprise, the stay and staff of all the weak minds associated with him—dead! And over and above, and running through all this, came the blasting breath of the Inquisition, and the blighting shadow which struck with mortal disease every soul and body on which it fell.

Had the Polizon been a Hebrew prophet, his mind and heart contracted by vanity of race and creed, he would have exclaimed, in pompous humility of phrase—

“Oh, Lord God, let me now die!”

But as he was only a large-hearted Christian Spaniard, who had seen much of the world, and of the bad men and their ways who govern it, he kept his temper, tightened round her the soft robe which enfolded his wife, and gave her a hearty kiss. Had this remedy been designed, it could not have had a more soothing effect, either on him who gave or her who received it;

and Doña Pancha began to feel the delightful warmth grow warmer, and the Polizon forgot his promise made to the Chief Inquisitor to be at the Holy Office as soon as he.

Here the sound of horses' hoofs called the Polizon back to the region of the outside world, and he remarked, as he raised himself to listen—

“None but Guido Alvaro can ride a horse at that pace over this broken ground, and in the dark.”

Guido Alvaro it was; and whatever the matter of his coming, the Polizon hailed it with delight, and determined to send him in his place to keep the appointment with the Chief Inquisitor.

“Guido,” exclaimed the Polizon, “may the good angels who sent thee here always keep watch over thee and thine.”

“My dear Don Juan, I am afraid that the evil angels are as plentiful and as officious this night as are the good ones. You are

betrayed, and evidently by some of our supposed friends. I have learned from my mother, who was doubtless informed by her husband, the Count, that you and I, and several other precious enthusiasts, are engaged in some deep plot to regenerate this land at the expense and peril of the existing magnates; and one part of our delightful scheme is to place the heels of all the slaves on the necks of their Spanish rulers, and to twist every slave-whip into a halter for every Spanish taskmaster; put the Inca back in his old place; and, in short, the old panic, aided by this fearful earthquake and the annual cry of the Iscuchanos, or some other cut-throats, coming down on us to chop us into pies or dry us into charqui. My mother is dreadfully alarmed on account of the peril of her darling son, and I have ridden over to give my most prudent friend the benefit of all I know. I expected to have seen you in the city. What a night it has been!



How and where is the dear Doña Pancha?"

"Guido, my true friend, when I first heard the tramping of your horse's hoofs outside, I blessed the pitying heavens for your coming, intending to send you back to Lima to do a service for me. You are not my first visitor this morning, early as it is; and your coming has taken away the evil smell which a certain personage left behind him. On second thoughts, I will only borrow your horse, and go myself, if Pancha continues quiet and goes to sleep. Remain here till I return, and then we will discuss our 'conspiracy.' There is a conspiracy, and a diabolical one; but, as usual, the bloodhounds are on the wrong scent, and our best beloved friend, the noble Marchioness, has been by some wicked cajolery run to death. It is too horrible. But keep cool—watch over Pancha. I was in the city last night, and have much to tell you. Now help me to



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animate some of these frightened boys. A coach must follow me to the palace without delay."

All of which was speedily arranged; and the Polizon did arrive at the house of the Inquisition almost as soon as Friar Darkness, and Guido Alvaro remained at the villa of the Polizon, feeling like one who had fallen into a deep hole on a dark night, and must wait patiently for the calm help of a little light in order to get out of it.

## CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

“O, negligence,  
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet?”

*King Henry VIII.*

THE POLIZON GOES TO THE HOLY OFFICE—GUIDO AND THE POLIZON KNEEL TOGETHER BY THE SIDE OF THE DEAD MARCHIONESS—THE CHILD NUNA—THE DEPOSITION OF THE MARCHIONESS—IT ACCUSES THE POLIZON OF TREASON—THE GREATEST SURPRISE OF ALL.



HE Polizon rode through the still darkness of the early morning to the Office of the Inquisition. Chaos seemed to have come again. Not a living thing moved, not a sound was heard—the air itself was dead, as if it had been poisoned; and the horse he rode trembled as if he had been a commercial Christian facing a panic in the city, which involved his certain ruin.

Finally, the Polizon arrived at the squat,

square, sinister door of the Inquisition. It was open. A lamp hung from the ceiling of the hall, in which a monk, wrapped as he might have been in the darkness of death—for nothing of a man could be seen except his form—was pacing up and down.

"The poor Marchioness!" exclaimed the Friar, in a snivelling voice to the Polizon, as they entered the rueful cellars of the bad place together—"the poor, dear Marchioness!" continued the fawning hyena. "She remains in the bed where she died, and you shall remove the body through the private grounds. My familiars will help you. You will sign this book, and I hand you a copy of the deposition of the most noble the Marchioness, made in our presence, just before her death. You will read it, and I put you under oath to appear at this office within the six ensuing hours. *Pax vobiscum!*"

Within two hours from the visit of the Friar to the Polizon, the latter had returned

to his villa with the body of the Marchioness, which was placed in the large drawing-room, according to the custom of the country; and he and Guido Alvaro, after surrounding the dead lady with such curtain drapery as was suitable to the long sleep on which she had fallen, fell on their knees by the side of the canopy, and gave themselves up to Heaven in speechless grief.

Doña Pancha still slept; and for the first time in their wedded life the bright Peruvian morning sun shed his merry beams on the villa of the Polizon and his wife, and met with no cheerful response.

Guido was the first to move from the beloved corpse, and he went into the garden to give that vent to his sorrow which was denied him in the presence of the noble dead. Here, amidst the gaieties of flowers, the harmless mirth of the sun, and the earnest play of light and shade on the dancing leaves and on the purple



sea, which seemed to be so near, he could weep, and find his tears and the ache of his heart as real as any or all of these, and not incongruous to them. He had loved the Marchioness as young soldiers love their love queens on that day which ends all earthly love to them, and when the world would have been too small a price to pay for that dear one to have seen the battle fought and won, though lost to him who had helped to win it, by dying as only men who love can die—in noble fight.

Guido was leaning against an orange tree, his sorrowful face turned towards the calm Pacific Ocean, as if to court its sympathy, when a young girl, in a brown woollen garb, as soft as autumn tints, came close to him, and looked beseechingly into his eyes.

It was the little native Princess of the Marchioness, whom we saw enter with the fruit during the interview with the fearful Inquisitor.

Approaching Guido, she took from off her head her brown veil, and said—

“ I have come for the Marchioness; will you take me to her?”

“ The Marchioness, my child, has gone to Heaven, and if I could, I would take you to her with all my soul.”

Like those who are better taught, and are supposed to better believe, the baptized Indian Princess uttered a bitter cry on hearing that announcement; for among the more pronounced victories of the Christian Faith we cannot enumerate the pleasure of its professors on hearing of the eternal happiness of their friends. And it is not a little strange that one sees more frequent jubilation over the certain knowledge that some one has most certainly gone elsewhere, than over the sure and certain hope of some brother or sister having gone to Heaven. And the poor little Princess continued to cry, and fell down crying at Guido's feet.

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The Polizon passed into the garden, and found the little girl whom he had brought to the Marchioness from the far interior of Peru, and who was the daughter of a chief murdered some time ago for venturing to oppose the fierce cruelty of a Spanish officer of the Crown.

"Nuna, my child," he said to her—"come, I will take thee to thy friend, who, like all the friends of thy race, is powerless to help thee, except to an increase of sorrows."

And he led the little one into the room where the Marchioness lay in joyless state, and he returned to the company of Guido in the garden.

The Polizon then recounted to Guido the occurrences of the preceding day, so far as he was concerned in them—the warning of the Indians, his interview with the Viceroy, and his appearance before the Council of State; his surprising the Indians at the reservoir, and what seemed to be

nothing less than the miraculous aid of the earthquake in enabling him to divert them from their purpose, and make them follow his advice, down to the visit of the Inquisitor that morning, and his recovery of the body of the Marchioness from the dungeons of the Inquisition.

“How she came there remains for us to discover, but here is her deposition, made before the Inquisitors, which I am required to read; and within six hours I am to repair to the Inquisition myself on the charge which it brings against me.”

The deposition which had been given to the Polizon by Friar Darkness began as follows:—

“I, Sarah de Zandunga, widow of the late Marquis de Zandunga, do solemnly declare, in the presence of God my Saviour, and His Holy Mother, and the holy angels, and in the office of the Most Holy Inquisition, and before its sacred officers, and the R. P. Fray Segundo de Oscuras, the Chief



Inquisitor, that Don Juan de Espantoza, commonly called the Polizon, has been for some time past in league with myself, and with Gabriel Condorcanqui, commonly called Tupac Amâru, Inca, and with others whose names appear in the margin, for the purpose of inciting to discontent and rebellion the native Caciques and their people, with the intention of restoring the conquered people of Peru to what they call the rightful ownership of their own lands, to abolish the office of Corregidor, established by the Crown for the government of this land and people, and setting up in its stead the power of the Caciques and native princes, under the authority and rule of Inca Tupac Amâru aforesaid. And I further solemnly declare—”

But here the reading of this appalling instrument was suddenly brought to a dead stop; and the two men, paralyzed as if they had been suddenly seized in the arms of a grizzly jaguar, had their

attention called off by the voice and grimaces of Nuna, who appeared on the doorstep, uttering sounds of what were intended to be expressive of joy, but which were received as an impertinent interruption by those whose lives had become forfeit on account of their sympathy with the race to which this heedless but affectionate child belonged.

Unable to bear the pale faces, and the frowns which the two men turned upon her, she ran to the Polizon, seized his hand, kissed it; tried to lift him in her arms, failed; leaped on Guido, kissed his hand; and finally, like a happy dog, ran—not barking, but laughing—back to the front door, and back again to them, trying to drag one or both of them with her.

It was a time of surprises for everybody; but the surprise caused by the reading of the Marchioness's depositions had absorbed every other surprise both in the Polizon and in Guido Alvaro.

The charge made by the Marchioness was true, and it was false; but the truth was so damning that no amount of explanation could rob it of its undoubted treason; and the evidence on which it was given was so unimpeachable that it could not be gainsaid.

In less than three days all the best men and some of the best women in Lima would be locked up in the disgusting prisons of the Inquisition; and nothing but the clemency of the Crown, or a miraculous intervention of mercy, could keep them all from being burnt alive.

Nuna, not being able to rouse the sympathies of the two absorbed men in the garden, ran back into the room where the Marchioness lay, and from thence into the room where Doña Pancha was just emerging from sleep and the soft folds of her gorgeous blankets.

"It is Nuna," exclaimed the Pancha,



which recalled to her mind all that had passed. "Where is Don Juan?"

This was spoken in Quichua; and Nuna, instead of answering in a circum-spect way, as a baptized Christian should, began capering about the room, this time like a kitten that never had been baptized, and could only express its joy like one who had no fears of offending those gods who themselves had never known any.

For fully two seconds Nuna had danced, spread out her expressive little hands, opened her glad eyes, and showed all her delightful teeth, and Doña Pancha was then ready to go with Nuna into the room where the Marchioness lay—as it was found, not dead, but calmly awake—her eyes slowly opening, slowly closing, as if even this were an effort too great for her strength!

Alive she was, there was no doubting it. She returned a warm kiss to Doña Pancha's lips; the feet were warm, and



the warmth increased the longer they were held in warm hands.

It was the Marchioness, unquestionably!

As Pancha kept looking on the pale face, the eyes raised themselves to hers in an expression of ineffable love, and again closed as if for rest—Nuna all the time clinging to Doña Pancha for very joy; and Pancha was lost in wonder at what all this might mean.

The Polizon was in the garden, and Pancha went to him, wearing her puzzled look; but seeing his brow covered with trouble—a thing of mystery to her—and Guido standing near him, looking “as if he had been bitten by a snake,” she simply asked—

“When did the Marchioness come here?”

And the Polizon answered, in a voice muffled with anguish—

“I brought the Marchioness here but an hour ago.”

"I thought so," Doña Pancha replied, coldly; and as she walked back into her own room she said to herself, "He has been to hell to fetch her!"

The Polizon and Guido had now made up their minds to the course they must take, and both decided on an early visit to his Excellency the Viceroy.

The times were critical. The sudden arrival of the Visitador from Spain alone made them so; for no great official ever arrived from the mother country but he brought hope to some, fear to many, and temporary importance to a certain class who gained their living by volunteering private information respecting the characters of certain public men. It was necessary for the Polizon to warn all his friends, and arm them with such weapons as only they and he could use.

As the two men were silently and mournfully making for the garden gate, Nuna again made an effort to allure them

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inside; and the Polizon, recovering his good temper, took the child by the hand and returned with her to the house, to find that THE MARCHIONESS HAD RISEN FROM THE DEAD! At least, so it seemed to him; so also it seemed to Guido. How, in the name of all that is scandalous and inopportune, will it seem to Dr. Darkness?

## CHAPTER THE TWENTY- SECOND.

"Ghosts never work miracles; nor do they ever come to life again. When they appear it is to beg to be buried, or to beg to be revenged, without which they cannot rest."

*Julius Hare.*

"Advice is sporting while infection breeds."—*Lucrece.*

MORE TROUBLE — THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE  
POLIZON AND GUIDO ALVARO — TOO LATE — A CRY  
FOR VENGEANCE — AN UNSEEN HOST — "DO YOU SAY  
THAT THE MARCHIONESS DE ZANDUNGA IS REALLY  
NOT DEAD?"



WHEN the Marchioness was hurried into the cells of the Inquisition, and found herself in the presence of its dread chief and his servants, and when the gloom and horror of the place had interpenetrated every nerve of her body, she knew that the words of the Viceroy had come to pass. "Once in his clutches, and all the bribes which the earth could yield will not get you out of them."



The shock was so great, so sudden, that all her powers were paralyzed as in a moment, and she fell down on the floor of the dungeon in a deep sleep—not the sleep that restores, but the wasting swoon, the syncope in which the prostrate strength is held as in the grasp of death; and the Inquisitor believed that death had robbed him of his victim. Such merciful robbery was not uncommon in those direful dungeons; and the familiarity of the chief of the Inquisition with the dexterous ways of the great thief had precipitated the belief that the Marchioness had been stolen from him, or in other words was really dead.

When the Polizon had assured himself that the Marchioness would recover her strength, and by the aid of a simple stimulant her countenance began to assume its wonted calm and beauty, and her lips opened, and words began to flow from them, and the cold brightness of the eyes became soft-

ened by warm tears, he saw that nature had imposed on the theologian—had achieved a grand rescue and prepared a magnificent triumph for the lady, for his friends, and no less for himself.

But the Polizon was too wise to be elated by the prospect of a dramatic exposure of a lying priest.

If the merciful gods deliver you out of the hands of the Holy Inquisition, by what seems to be nothing short of a miracle, have a care how you boast of your deliverance; or you may be again kidnapped, accused of dealing with the devil, and get packed off to your future abode in a chariot of fire!

Such was the fine observation which the Polizon made to his own old experienced self.

Guido Alvaro, in the impetuosity of youth, or a rush of righteous indignation, would have confronted the Inquisitor in open court with the living Marchioness,

who would have denied all knowledge of the forged 'depositions; and so produced the discomfiture of his vile accuser, and the acquittal of his friends and himself amidst a burst of applause. But Guido Alvaro was a youthful soldier, uninstructed in the ways of Peruvian shepherds and the flocks that they fold; and never once reflecting, even if he ever knew, that to frighten one of that vermin swarm, and do with it as all vermin should be dealt with, there would happen, and that speedily and in some mysterious way, that he would be disposed of and not the vermin.

Meanwhile, the "six ensuing hours" in which the Polizon had been enjoined to appear before the Court of the Inquisition were fast gliding away. But what mischief and misery had already devastated many a family in Lima? The Inquisitors had duly notified all the persons whose names "appeared in the margin" of the forged deposition of the Marchioness to



attend on her accusation at the Court of the Holy Office, to answer the charge of high treason.

The Polizon knew that this would be done without loss of time; and that, under the recent appalling visitation of the earthquake, the cold, steel-like brains of the officers of the Holy Tribunal would be able to accomplish without difficulty all their will. So the Polizon resolved to procure a private interview with the chief priest, and, as he could not slay the venomous beast with anything but a disadvantage to himself, to try and draw his fangs, make him relax his hold on his friends, meet lying with cunning, and professional priestly deceit with lay fawning.

“Your reverence, in your most holy zeal for the good of the Church, and therefore for the welfare of the State, has been evidently hurried into some absence of mind. The most noble the Marchioness



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is not dead—she is alive at my house; and the subordinates of your reverence who prepared the deposition which is purported to be hers, must, in the dreadful agitation of the night, with the earth reeling under them, and roofs and walls falling around them, have made some singular and profound mistake. The Marchioness knows nothing of the matter, and she need not be produced to contradict a statement which she never made. If no persons are arrested by the officers of the Holy Tribunal, nothing need be said of what has taken place.”

Such was the diplomatic address that the Polizon had prepared for the private ear of Oscuras, as he was returning to the Holy Office to keep the appointment made for him by the Chief Inquisitor.

It was too late.

As Lima lay that morning stunned into a religious stupor by the effects of the earthquake, it was startled into a religious

frenzy by the public announcement that a vast and determined conspiracy had been discovered by the Holy Office, and that the design of the conspirators was nothing less than the extirpation from the soil of Peru of all those Spaniards who bore the King's authority, or derived their wealth and titles from Peruvian lands, to be followed by the restoration of the Indian to his former power.

These terrible tidings were not conveyed to the public ear through the quiet and formal columns of a Court Gazette, but with flourish of trumpet by a gaudily-dressed herald, mounted on horseback, and attended by a large and ever increasing retinue of idlers of all kinds, male and female, some in the livery of the Court, many more in the garb of the Church, and all animated with a zeal in the service of the God who, in his anger, had sent the earthquake, but whose anger could be turned away by a burnt offering of those

whose rebellion had offended the Majesty of Heaven.

The tidings spread like fire in a pine forest; and the people of Lima, led by their priests, became mad with the thirst of revenge.

"Vengeance for the slain!" "Revenge for the Lord God!" "Long live the Holy Office!" "Long live the Virgin Mother, conceived without sin!" were the wild cries which rent the air, reminding us of the saying that is written, "that foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome."

The deposition of the Marchioness was the happy, unaided invention of the Chief Inquisitor. There was no harm in making a dead woman speak, if her testimony could be used for the safety of the State and the glory of the Church. Besides, this invented deposition enabled the Grand Inquisitor to recover the ground which he had lost in apprehending the Marchioness



in the way he did, and in killing her as he had done by frightening her when he thrust her into the loathsome cells of the Inquisition. Had she not been guilty—so argued the reverend father—she would not have been frightened; had she not been frightened, she would not have died. Two things, at least, were pleasantly settled—the Viceroy would not be sorry for the death of the noble lady, seeing that it was caused by the visitation of God; while he could not fail to applaud the humanity of the Holy Office in surrendering her body to the care of her friends. The Visitador would forget the slight done to him in apprehending the Marchioness against his remonstrance, on being placed in possession of a document which disclosed a plot that belonged to him to investigate, and which denounced so many important people whose examination could not fail to yield him much information on the state of parties in Peru.



In the meantime the crowds of people increased, and they assembled in great force in the Plaza, in front of the palace, and round about the walls and doors of the house of the Inquisition—not now in abject fear of a coming foe, but in the lust of religious zeal which absorbed every other emotion.

“Where are these men? Bring them out to us, and we will burn them all before bedtime.”

Again the Great Council of State met in the palace, and each member as he approached its gates was received with an encouraging cheer—a cheer of patriotism, a religious cheer; such a cheer, in fine, as piercing the official heart of the Government, should drive from it all pity, and fill it with a vengeance divine and implacable.

The Reverend Father Darkness, who looked as pale as if the prayers of a thousand saints had bleached his countenance of all human frailties, took his

seat with the composure of an upright judge.

All the great officials put on appropriate looks; and the Marquis de Pan y Agua, with the fervour of a haggard zealot, thanked God that he had not forsaken them.

"Venganza! Venganza! Venganza" went up to heaven from the mob outside, as had gone up the day before the cry of "Misrecordia! Misrecordia! Misrecordia!" And, doubtless, the one penetrated as near to the throne of the Eternal as the other. It certainly entered through the windows of the council chamber, and pierced more than one heart, which it did not fail to quicken.

"Vengeance!"

Most certainly you shall have it, if there be any blasting power in the scorn that derides the counsel of all liars, and especially the liars who lie in the service of the gods.

There was in the streets of Lima an-

other mob, whose cries, unheard by any mortal ear, were far more potent than those of the frenzied people who were shouting in front of the palace gates. These were the poor people who had been killed in the night, whose bodies lay in every street, buried beneath the ruins of churches, houses, and monasteries, and whose presence the power of a tropical sun began to make manifest in more ways than one. If these be not speedily buried or burnt, the Polizon need not have taken any pains to stop that poisoning of the waters of the city; for the dead Spaniards will rise up in sublimated forms and destroy all who are left alive, and the Indians will be avenged indeed.

The Great Council deliberated, the gorgeous robes of the Archbishop and bishops gave sanctity to the scene. The dreadful accusation of the Marchioness was read and commented upon by Oscuras, and the members of the Council were

debating upon the profound mystery, while Guido Alvaro and the Polizon were being conducted by a detachment of the household troops within the palace walls.

Guido, who was the favourite of half the Lima aristocracy and the envy of as many more, had arranged for this escort; and, once inside the palace, he seized a metal shield and scratched on the inside of it these words, "*The Marchioness lives!*" This, borne by a servitor-at-arms, was conveyed to the Viceroy, who read the startling words, and was not much helped in his perplexities by them.

Don José Antonio Leche de Lobos read the words also; and the Visitador, whose blood was of the bluest in all Spain, had this redeeming attribute in his nature—namely, that he despised the Holy Inquisition, and hated the exercise of its power. For it had weakened the minds of his own order, it had robbed the ruling families of



the Peninsula of their authority and influence, and had made the throne utterly insecure, by creating a dignity that was superior to it, and a mastership, a hold, and even a magistracy over the people, which overwhelmed every other.

An excited whispering had been carried on in the Council after Oscuras resumed his seat, which was not diminished by an agitated conversation now passing between the Viceroy and the Visitador, during which Oscuras had become isolated from his fellows. It was not long before he slipped away, probably to inform himself of the progress of things going on outside.

The Viceroy was the first to call attention to the absence of the Grand Inquisitor, and he remarked, in a loud but unofficial voice, to the Council—

“Cavaliers, I am informed that the most noble the Marchioness de Zandunga is not dead! With the gracious permission of his Excellency the Visitador, and your

worships, I will send for the *caballero* who has brought us this strange news."

This was a bold and straightforward course for the Viceroy to take, but there was no help for it; and no doubt it had been suggested by Leche de Lobos, who had his own reasons for wishing confusion to the Chief of the Holy Office.

Guido Alvaro was brought into the gorgeous chamber, looking as bold as Hector and as handsome as Apollo; and, as he approached, his father—who hated him as much as if he had been a heretic—rose, and, with the politeness which belongs only to the Spanish race, formally introduced his son to his Excellency and their worships.

"Don Guido Alvaro," the Viceroy demanded, in dry, official tones, "do you say that the Marchioness de Zandunga is not dead; and have you seen her since her death was announced?"

"I have but just left her, and she is alive. I have spoken with her."

"Are you aware," the Visitador here interposed, in very lordly tones, "that she prepared a document in which she accuses you of high treason?"

"That document," replied Guido, "I have seen, or rather a copy of it made by the Chief Inquisitor, which the Chief Inquisitor himself put into the hands of my friend, the Polizon, at an early hour this morning, and when he believed that the Marchioness was dead. That document I pronounce to be a forgery. The Marchioness never wrote it, or ordered it to be written."

"Has the Marchioness said as much to you?"

"No; nor was it necessary. The Marchioness was supposed to be dead by the Chief Inquisitor when he prepared that statement, and if he can be kept in ignorance of the Marchioness being alive, he can be convicted of the fabrication out of his own mouth."



"But are the statements true which the document contains?"

"They are false," answered Guido, with unaffected calmness; "and, if I lose my life hereby, I will prove to all reasonable men that that miscreant priest is the sole traitor in this business, and that none but he deserves to be hanged."

The members of the Council, knowing Guido for his daring bluntness and his soldierly fire, and in consideration of his youth—or, perhaps also because they could not help it—responded to this burst of blasphemy in a short gust of laughter. But the Visitador, still standing in his place, as if he had taken up the conduct of the whole case, remarked aloud, in a firm, clear tone—

"Spoken like a nobleman of Spain," and resumed his seat, as Guido walked, unbidden, out of the chamber.

No sooner had Guido left the room than a change came over every face of every



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member of the Council. The room itself seemed to feel the surprising effect, for it likewise changed, as if an invisible hand, silently and as quick as thought, had closed the shutters of its windows.

## CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

"His nose was as sharp as a pin, and a' babbled of green fields."—*Henry V.*, act ii., sc. 3.

BEING VERY BRIEF, BUT IMPORTANT TO SOME ONE.



IN the course of those agitating hours which made the city of Lima hold its breath in fear or cowardice, or both, there was travelling towards it a piece of news, such as had not been heard but once before since Lima became a great city. That news, on the morning of Guido Alvaro's appearance before the Council, was, at the time of his denunciation of the Grand Inquisitor, very close at hand; for the bearer of it was flying for his life, and trying, if possible—though that was of minor importance to him—to save the lives of many others, who, Spaniards like himself, had been active in making the lives of hundreds of thousands

of Indians wretched beyond all human power to endure. And these Indians had, in dread reality, at last risen up and hanged one of these inhuman Spanish monsters; and they certainly would have hanged him, Don Fernando Asta de Cabras, if they had caught him.

Such was the troublesome news which this fugitive official was carrying to Lima, from a far-off district in Upper Peru. It will rouse the blood of every Spaniard in the City of Kings, it will confirm the statement attributed to the Marchioness de Zandunga, which, although basely palmed off on the Court and Council as her voluntary confession, will nevertheless be found to be true, in so far as it was true that a great conspiracy was on foot; and the blind, vengeance-seeking mob may yet have it all their own way, and the innocent perish in place of the guilty, according to the universal and time-honoured observance of the law of lord Mob.

The reprobate, Don Fernando Asta de Cabras, escaping by by-ways, and under cover of the night, on the fleetest mule that, cat-like, could climb up and down steep, jagged hills, had reached the Cerro de Pasco, on his way to Lima from his government of Quispicanchi. If he reaches the city as the first bearer of the evil tidings that he carries, the Viceroy will indemnify him for the loss he has already sustained—which is of all his earthly goods—and will doubtless also honour him with a command of the troops to be despatched to the scene of revolt. But the race not being always to the swift, and the laws of the universe not being made of the same poor stuff as Peruvian Indians, Don Fernando had perforce to slacken speed. As he was turning one of the ice-bound corners of the snow-covered Viuda—one of the highest eminences of the Cerro de Pasco—he came suddenly face to face with—strange apparition! most perplex-



ing accident!—no less than a dozen Indians from his own district of Quispicanchi. There was no mistaking them, even in their torn and besmeared rags.

And oh, reader, in gracious pity for the sorrows of these people, listen for one second to this small trait in their character—namely, that rags to them had ever been held as symbols of wickedness, signs of baseness which excited their scorn; and never was an Indian ever seen in rags until the Spaniard set his polluting foot on the Indian's soil.

There was no mistaking them, notwithstanding this disguise; for there was the delicate nose, the almond-shaped eye, and the broad chest, covered in the folds of the finest woollen togas. Their mouths were coated with the green slime of chewed coca, evident token that they had tasted no ordinary food for many days.

The Spaniard, on seeing some of his own outraged subjects, would have turned

and fled; but flight was impossible on those slippery heights. He drew his sword, however, and uttered high tones of command, peculiar to a high Spanish official when browbeating a lot of slaves. The Indians, according to their custom, but at this time in miserable irony, fell down on their knees, and begged to be cut in twain, to be ridden over, to be flogged, or anything that might be most pleasant to his Excellency.

"Rise, then, you dogs, and follow me!"

And the obedient dogs rose up, and, quick as thought, one of the finest of woollen togas was, with the utmost precision, thrown distractingly over his Excellency's most high and mighty head!

There was a brief struggle, but the Spaniard was speedily disarmed, and in the most unexpected manner was deprived of one of his ears, and sent howling down the snow slopes, where, in the space of a brief hour or so, he will, if he does not perish of

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cold and loss of blood, meet with another ambuscade of coca-chewing Indians, who will want and will have the ear that yet does duty on the right side of his Excellency's head.

Don Fernando can speak only a few broken words of the Quichuan language, and these Quichuan speaking Indians cannot speak explanatory Spanish; and yet never did men more thoroughly understand one another than did they. They would have put out his eyes, but with their wits quickened by the hunger of revenge, they resolved that he should see still greater things than had as yet met his view. He should go to Lima, and there realize, as only a pair of eyes could enable him to do, that (if the poison had done its work, which, no doubt, it had) heaps of Spaniards, under certain conditions, can look as repulsive and really be worth no more than the same number of Indians, after they have been crushed in a



mine, starved to death in churches which had been turned into mills, or undergone any of the other mortal tortures which their Spanish lords delighted to mete out to them. And down the icy height went the mutilated Spaniard on foot, and he would probably in a short time go mad.

Not one of the least sources of his embarrassments in the presence of these obtrusive Indians—perhaps one of the most humiliating—was that he could not reason with his Indians in a language common to them both. At the utmost, his vocabulary of Quichuan words enabled him to curse and swear, and call harsh and filthy names; which, accompanied by a naked sword, and a storm of blustering sound, had, under other circumstances, been all-sufficient; and the poor Indian, anxious to explain why his task was not completed, or to reason with his master, would be cut short by a cow-hide or the point of a long knife. Here the positions were pain-



fully reversed, and the Spaniard, always eloquent in a sunny climate, bitterly regretted, no doubt, that he had never learned the Indian language, or given the Indians a fair opportunity of acquiring his own.

Down the sliding steeps the wretched Spaniard sped his way, and as he came round to the eastern front of the great mountain, which commanded an expansive view of the green valley below, his mind was suddenly transported to his native Castile; and, in a childish fondness, he stood still to look and listen. And as he looked, his own native home seemed to stand out vividly before him; but how changed! Those battlements and towers in his old beloved Castillian Daroca were warm in tint and covered with vines; but these were bright with intense cold, as if the ghost of the home of his guiltless childhood had come to torment him, and revile him for

having been so great a fool as to leave it.

On the drivelling official went, and again stopped suddenly in front of what seemed a mighty fortress, and he gazed at it like one to whom it would be the agony of death to be deceived if this were really not that once famous Castle of Saguntum, which overlooks the blue Mediterranean Sea, and the garden of Valencia. But, alas! the longer he looks the greater maniac he becomes. It is true that these majestic outlines in front of him gave a "mystic hint" of the old Roman fort, its magnificent elevation, its commanding site, and its grand dimensions; but the orange-crowned groves were painfully absent, so also the warm air, the soothing idleness of that old locality of opulence. And, alack! he awoke to the fact that he had lost an ear, only just a short moment ago; and then came back on him all his church sins, all his unrepented lies, his strange and silly

hypocrisies, and the unravellable tanglement of an infinitude of insincerities by means of which he had come to be a high Spanish official, representing the person and authority of the King in Upper Peru. Oh, to be once more in the sweet old town! How kind would he be to the poor, to the old, and to God's priests, and all young children, and——

“Alto!”

*Gran Dios!* More Indians, and from Quispicanchi, too! The wretched maniac went to meet the group of sad-looking Indians, and, as they came near to him, he took off his hat and bowed, and then went down on his knees and began to pray to them, as if they were so many placable deities, amenable to the meanest bribe. But, alas for him—or so much the better for him—they proved to be Quispicanchi Indians, whose fathers, and mothers, and brothers had fallen under his torturing rule; and, at one merciful blow, they felled

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him to the ground; and the startling news which his eloquent tongue could tell, and that would set all Lima in a blaze on hearing it, died out with him.



## CHAPTER THE TWENTY- FOURTH.


"To the cure of this malady neither medical knowledge nor the power of drugs was of any effect . . . Few or none escaped. And the disease, by being communicated from the sick to the well, seemed daily to get ahead, and to rage the more, as fire will do by laying on fresh combustibles. Nor was it given by only conversing with any, or coming near the sick, but even by touching their clothes. And it made incredible havoc. . . . as if the wrath of God had been restrained to visit those only within the walls of the city."

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

"A' cried out God, God, God! three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God. I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone; and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone."

*Henry V.*, act. ii., sc. 3.

HOW THE SITTING OF THE GREAT COUNCIL WAS SUD-  
DENLY ADJOURNED — LIMA DULL — RESUMES ITS  
MIRTH — GUIDO AND PAULINA — DON BENIGNO  
GIVES A PICNIC — A MOUNTAIN SCENE — GUIDO  
ALVARO MEETS WITH THE CHIEF OF THE INQUISI-  
TION — A COOL RECEPTION.

HE Reverend Doctor Oscuras having left the Council, and gone no one knew whither, and Don Fernando Asta de Cabras, for the reasons stated in the last chapter, not having arrived with his startling news, the authorities of Lima were left undisturbed to bury their dead; and the city calmed down below its ordinary level, as it realized the awful visitation which had come upon it, and which had suddenly carried out of existence several thousands of its inhabitants.

So sudden was this carrying away begun and continued, that the strongest men lost all confidence in the very commonest things, and things that they had been accustomed to rely upon, more even than upon the articles of the Apostles' Creed, which they believed so firmly, that if any one in their presence called them in question, they would knock out his brains there and then. These strong men, on that re-

markable morning, lost all confidence in their stout legs, which up to that minute had borne them so willingly. In the streets these men, apparently in perfect health, and while yelling for vengeance, lost the use of their limbs, and fell down all suddenly, some of them never to rise again. In the churches, while men were *confeccionando* "the Body of God," they dropped down dead, like house flies which had been drinking of some modern composition devised for their easy extinction. In the viceregal palace men did not fail to die in like manner; and so suddenly, without any time to feel, or, at any rate, to tell if they felt any pain. And in the great council chamber, whilst it was under the spell of that strange and mysterious communication regarding the Marchioness which declared her to be alive, men died without those who sat next them knowing it, until the great, glittering chamber began to reek with frowzy corruption.



The strong angel who carries the plague under his wings had swept through that hall of judgment, and suspended its sitting.

The cries for vengeance outside had ceased; they had either been complied with, or there was no longer any strength left to continue them. And Lima became not only calm, but mighty dull; and the priests, at least those who had the courage to remain in the stricken city, had it all their own way; and the churches were filled with worshippers and pardon-mongers from morning till night.

So dull became the universal intelligence, that but very few persons noticed how bitter or brackish was the water which they drank; and those who did notice it attributed it to the earthquake, or they said that it was an excess of hydro-sulphuric acid belched from the bowels of the earth, where the central fires, laying hold of the pent-up gases, and exploding



them, had made drunk the terrestrial orb, and caused it to reel to and fro like an inebriated human being.

But the city was not long in resuming its gaiety; and some one said that Lima, within a week after that fearful overthrow, became more festive, and more devoted to the fandango and bolero, the dice, and all sorts of revelry, than it had ever been within the memory of the oldest and most pious priest alive.

Perhaps the continued flow of the copious silver stream from the Cerro de Pasco, aiding the natural reaction under such sudden and unusual circumstances, produced this excessive hilarity.

One thing, which most concerns us, is certain—namely, that not on account of the silver stream continuing its flow did the loves of Guido and Paulina wax cold, nor, for that matter, even increase in warmth. For when a man of high courage and unsullied nobility loves a lovely woman,

and the love is returned in adoring trust, not all the wealth and glitter of the world can add one poor spark to the flame. At least, it did not in the case of these two. And Guido and Paulina went in and out of the home of the Lady Lucy, and walked, and rode, and played, and sang, as if all the money ever coined had by the merciful powers been suddenly laid hold of, turned into so much oxygen, and distributed through the air for the equal advantage of all mankind.

But, to those who are not in love, money is a notable solace, and to some a sort of drunkenness, which steals away the brains, and makes the intoxicated one a delightful source of amusement to all beholders.

The effect of the Lady Lucy's shining silver on the negro servants of her household, for example, was very amusing. They laughed all day, except when they vented their joy in song. They could not sit still at their meals, but took their food

standing, keeping themselves in joyous readiness to run on any errand, or do any work that their mistress or her angel daughters required of them. Had the Lady Lucy bought a gold car, harnessed it with purple peacocks, and gone every day to dine in heaven, returning home on the horns of the moon, these ebony babies would not have been surprised.

Poor Don Benigno—the problem of the silver being so much possible lead having been satisfactorily solved, and the Marquis de Pan y Agua having proved himself thoroughly magnificent and liberal—became like a happy dog endowed with wings, no longer pursuing his game on the earth, but in the air; giving himself such happy flights that, miser as he was, were very costly, and gave pleasure and diversion to the young people of the quinta.

Owing to the unbounded munificence of his father, the Marquis, Don Benigno took a liking to Guido Alvaro, whose tastes and



pursuits he praised; and even threw himself with hearty goodwill into the preparations for Paulina's marriage.

In his happy fondness, Don Benigno planned and carried out an expedition to the silver cave in the Cerro de Pasco. Everybody was to take part in it—the Lady Lucy, all her daughters, and their friends. There should be such a series of picnics that the heavens had never smiled upon, or the earth adorned with its silver apples. And such came to pass—the chacra, or mountain farm, of Guido and the Polizon being the grand rendezvous.

The triumphal procession of numerous young and happy people, mounted on spirited horses, attended by as many mounted servants, besides other servants leading mules for the more difficult passes, as well as mules for carrying the sumptuous provender, made those old grey mountains to echo, for the first time perhaps, with joy. Nor did these happy



sounds diminish the higher the travellers climbed, or the closer they came to the silent solitudes of the never-melted snow.

On the bright and calm afternoon of the third day's travel, they had reached the highest point in the great mountains before having to descend to the valley where stood Guido's farm. The path of the gay travellers opened upon a vast open space, sloping upwards to the sky; and the cavalcade halted to breathe their horses, as well as to gaze on the fantastic shadows thrown from the mountain peaks across the glistening scene. There were also minute flowers, which seemed to emerge from out the crevices of the rocks, like little startled things coming to see what it was that awoke them from their delicious slumbers.

As the eye became settled to the dazzling light, other objects of interest came into view, and among them a small flock in single file of bright brown vicuñas, who, the moment they perceived themselves

observed, began cautiously to move off, two or three at a time; then all the flock ran away, leaving only two or three of their number as sentinels to cover the retreat of the whole; finally, the watching sentinels scampered over the crags after their companions, and nothing more was seen of them.

All this was intense delight to the young people, for it was altogether new to them. They had heard romantic tales about this fine wool-bearing creature; but now to see their warm, brown skins on the great snow mountain, their tender faces, their sagacious tactics, and their swiftness in flying from one crag to another, produced a happy excitement which cannot be described.

"Why, look yonder; there sits a man!"

"No; it is a rock."

"It is a man!"

"It is a priest!"

All eyes were turned to this object;

and a shout was raised, which, if the man had any ears, must have reached and penetrated them.

"See, he turns his head towards us."

One of the old mule-drivers, who had understood the matter from the beginning, and was resting himself against a jutting piece of rock, smoking tobacco rolled up in pieces of dried plantain leaves, remarked, with much civility, that "the man would never turn his head in this world again."

"Is it a man?" was the question again and again repeated by the young girls, who began to be somewhat nervous.

"The best answer to that will be for some of us to go and ask him," said Guido Alvaro, who started across the white waste in a straight line to where the mummy or the man sat.

But it was impossible to proceed; for, stepping off the beaten path, the young soldier sank to his shoulders in what might have been so much fine flour; and if there



had not been some dexterous rope-throwing and tossing of *sogas*, Guido would have perished in a motionless sea of snow.

During the scramble of Guido back to the firm rocks, there was much speculation and persistent asseveration on the subject of the snow-bound figure in the distance having again turned his head round on being shouted to by the travellers, who were watching him.

That he was alive was evident enough to all the young people, or he would not sit bolt upright in that fashion, looking straight out of his eyes, waiting evidently for some big game to pass by; for a fowling piece, or what seemed to be one, was resting in evident preparation across his knees.

In order to reach him, Guido and two more of the young and ardent ones ventured along the ridges of the precipitous rocks, which, being on a line with the mysterious figure, conducted them to him.



"Hallo! Soho!" they shouted, as they came within a short distance of the entranced sportsman.

"Why the devil does he not speak?"

However, they were close enough now to see that he was no sportsman, at least not of the usual sort; for what seemed to be a gun in the distance turned out to be a rude staff with a cross on the top of it. His head—bare—also proved him to be no fowler, for the crown of it was surrounded by a glory of human hair.

Guido was the first to approach, and, touching the imperturbable creature on the right shoulder, down it fell as if it had been a bladder blown down by the wind. They picked him up again, still in his sitting posture, as if he had been carved so; and, lo! it was a man, and in the garb of a priest, his eyes wide open, and everything about him apparently alive except his heart. He was in reality dead; and the dead man was none other than the Reverend

Father Friar Darkness, late Grand Inquisitor of the Holy Office in Lima!

There he sat, the exact epitome and most perfect summary and abstract of the Immaculate Church which he had served so loyally; looking all alive, and even in the colour of his lips resembling a quick man, but in all truth and verity being nothing more than a perfect corpse, which, when carried into the regions where there is any warmth, will reek with distinguishing corruption.

Guido Alvaro, who had never trembled before any man living, became pale as he recognized this dead wretch; and he turned aside to hide his emotion from his companions, and, without speaking a word, went back to Paulina and the rest.

"Who is he?"

"A friar frozen to death," was all the reply that Guido could make.

The old mule-driver, as the cavalcade got under weigh, explained to the awe-

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stricken young folk how that it very often happened in those high regions for both men and mules to be struck with cold as suddenly and mortally as if they had been struck with a sharp sword; and their bodies, if no one touched them, would remain for ever in the same attitude as when they were living, and "would look for all the world as if they were alive, provided that the condors did not find them out, and then there would soon be nothing left of them but bones—nothing."

The servants buried the corpse of the ecclesiastic; and it is not likely that the gold cross which hung round the neck of Dr. Darkness while living went down with him into the isolated grave which they dug for him on the mountain side; nor even the fine emerald ring which adorned the forefinger of his left hand. Even the papers found upon his person were all sacrilegiously appropriated; for Indian muleteers or negro servants



thought it no robbery to spoil a dead priest, especially when the things stolen could be conveniently stowed away. In this case, however, the major-domo of Guido Alvaro, having cognizance of what had passed, will overhaul these spoils, submit them to his master's inspection, and with an effect that will be as startling as the sight of the dead Dr. Darkness when they first came upon him in the snow.

Finally, they all reached the famous chakra which belonged jointly to Guido Alvaro and the Polizon. The young and happy people, as they descended to the warm valley—the late vision of the dead being cleared away by the presence of a sweeter light and air—broke out into heart-felt raptures at the evidence of Guido's greatness and power: the fields of maize, the herds of cattle, the poultry and pigs, the vines, the fruit trees, the thousands of happy faces, which more than aught be-



sides made the glad scene to them so strange and full of wonder.

For those faces belonged to a race of beings which the youthful Spanish-Peruvians from Lima had never seen to smile, or to be to their seeming any other than a race of dumb creatures, deprived of all ordinary human feelings, and who could only be communicated with by means of stripes.

Paulina blushed for very love; and as she moved among the swarthy Indian servants in that mountain home of her lover, more than ever did she look like an apple-blossom amongst olives, which, whilst they heightened her beauty, did not fail to add to theirs.

## CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

“ Now you shall see,  
And judge if a mere foppery  
Pricks on my speaking! I resolve  
To utter—yes, it shall devolve  
On you to hear as solemn, strange,  
And dread a thing as in the range  
Of facts, or fancies, if God will,  
E’er happened to our kind.”—*Browning.*

A STRANGE AND DREADFUL THING.



THE “thing” which this chapter is to make known pertains to the life of the strange being who was found frozen to death in the manner we have just seen.

Dr. Oscuras was the last of a long line of Spanish priests who were called into existence by the magic of that daring genius who was the first to reduce to law and rule the unsublime notion that whatever great and good end a Christian man designed to do, it sanctified the means

which the mixed circumstances of conflicting worlds required to bring it to pass.

He was, of course, not the last in name of that order of men, for not a few remain to the world at this hour; albeit their ways of working lack the ancient skill which brought them into fame, and their "means" have become, to say the least, very much circumscribed.

An impatient reader may not improbably ask here—

"Is there any fun in this, or is it only some lure to keep me awake that I may be schooled, or some subdolous manœuvre by which my morals are to be improved?"

The "fun," be it said, may remain a secret; but to all who can receive it, there shall be fun indeed.

When Friar Darkness lived in Seville he was a young man whose austerities had made him famous. He slept in the hospitals at night, and frequented the rookeries of sin during the day; and Seville had

many more such one hundred and twenty years ago than she has even now.

The young Friar made himself an object of contempt and disgust to every one in Seville, except the miserable wretches to whom he ministered in the gaols and the lazar-houses, and the extreme poor, whose poverty helped to keep up their faith. The ecclesiastics of the Grand Cathedral, and the heads of the other wealthy religious establishments, hated him especially; for he belonged to a rich and an ancient family, who could have made him a splendid bishop any day he pleased; but he would not, and preferred to live the life of a beggar—to wash his own clothes, dress his own food, which he obtained by asking; and asking for it not in the back slums of Seville, but in the Plaza, in la Calle de Sierpe—Serpent-street—and the fashionable quarters, to the scandal of his relations, and the intense annoyance of his richly clad and well-shod superiors.



“What shame and disgrace is this you bring on the descent of the Apostles, for one of their number to be seen making himself the friend of harlots, and to prefer frequenting the bagnios of vice to ministering in God’s church?” demanded of him, one day, a distinguished officer of a magnificent chantry.

To which the young man, with great meekness, replied—

“Is what I do a greater shame or a fouler disgrace than this?”

And he lifted an ivory crucifix to the eyes of the amazed beneficiary, when, as he gazed upon the carved figure, living blood began to ooze from its hands, and from the thorns which crowned its head!

The effect was marvellous, as can well be imagined; and the reply of the young priest was really sublime, as the miracle he wrought was daring. But, suppose that this miracle was the result of sheer carpentry? Are we to cry or to laugh? Sup-

pose that the fat, well-to-do rector was converted on the spot from a gambling ecclesiastic into a real follower of the young and noble beggar by means of the imposture—what answer ?

That imposture was discovered long ago in Spain; and now, on any Sunday afternoon in the present year of grace, the traveller who will visit one of the little streets which lie on the right hand side of the Carrera de San Geronimo, as he goes from the Plaza de la Constitucion towards the Puerto del Sol, in Madrid, may, if his courage be equal to the task, see there, privately offered for purchase, and buy one if the sight of it does not strike him speechless with horror, a picture of the Crucifixion which only a heart hardened by deceit could have conceived, and only a human being changed irrevocably into a demon could hawk about the world for sale.

The fame of *Oscuras* spread through all

Spain—thousands flocked to see him, to confess to him, to touch his garments, to be healed of their leprosy. The Court commanded his attendance. The miraculous crucifix was exhibited, for it hung round the young man's neck, and was supported on his breast; but Spanish politeness, which then held the very name of priest in reverence, would not presume to touch or handle the subtly wrought machine, nor to question its marvellous power.

Having acquired a name and fame which excelled in his day that of any other being of his nation, he was called to the Indies—to Peru. This was the man born to set right the wrongs of a country which up to that time, or nearly so, had supplied Spain with almost as much gold and silver as it could desire; and will again, if the wretched Indians can only be converted and made to work. Oscuras, at the bidding of the Pope—let us say, in reality by the connivance of the King of Spain and



the merchants of Seville—did go to Peru, and was made legate of the Holy See; and far and wide did he travel, and far and wide did he find the same sin and the very same class of sinners as he had left behind him in Seville and Madrid.

He worked more miracles in Peru than he did even in Spain, and, if possible, the politeness of the Peruvians exceeded that of the Castellians; for they questioned nothing, doubted nothing—nay, they had an eager and a burning desire to believe everything which Oscuras did and said. The conversion of the Indians was as rapid as it was astounding. For this bare-legged, bare-headed Friar, they went through fire and water—he looking on and looking up all the while to Heaven, with the same calm, pale, and fearful face as bore the image of ivory on the cross he wore. The wealth of the churches increased, and great joy spread through those parts of the land where, previous



to his coming, there had been nothing but desolation. And no wonder.

The cause of it arose thus. While there was yet some available silver left in the great city of Potosi, and its sinful turbulence had not subsided, and there was great riot and bloodshed, and the number of Indians very great, *Oscuras* appeared on the scene, but could not bring any peace to the frequent storms which broke over the city; and the man who had made all Spain tremble in its shoes was, in this sinful and miserable place, brought into utter contempt. He still only lived by begging; but where there are no poor, it goes very hard with the beggars. There were thousands of tame human creatures in Potosi who would have been only too glad to listen to his sweet stories, and to give him bread, if he could have got at them. But they were out of reach, digging silver. The Saint—for such had he got to be called—was nigh unto despair;

and to add to his confusion, and almost to bring about his death, there was circulated a report in every nook and corner of the wicked city that the Friar had committed an abominable crime, and that an Indian now dead, but name well known, had, with him, participated in it.

The terror of Oscuras on hearing of the dreadful charge seemed to rob him of his reason; and the more that he raved and threatened with the terrors of the Church, the more did his ribald persecutors jeer and torment him with their jibes and accusations.

At length the Friar, who seemed to be suddenly changed into a man, appeared in the market-place—which was the usual resort of all the scamps of the town as well as of everybody else—and there and then demanded that they should stone him to death if he, Friar Darkness, did not convince them of his innocence of the crime

laid to his charge, as well as of his divine mission.

The Governor of the city, and the other authorities, seeing that some probable disaster might happen to the mad Friar, assembled their tipstaves, and made ready in case of a tumult. The condemned man had selected the cathedral steps for his standing-place; and from thence, in singular eloquence, he discoursed for a few moments on matters supposed to be connected with the other world. As his voice increased in volume, so did his face become pale with the pallor of death, his figure rigid, and his uplifted right arm and extended forefinger seemed to increase his height, as now, having gained the stilled attention of the multitude, he told them of their sins and other things. He had reached the climax of his passion, and also the very end of his hearers' patience, when, in a voice of thunder, he called upon Pay Pachaca to rise from the dead.



This was the Indian who had participated in the crime charged upon the Friar by the mob, and which was willingly believed by all. There was no laughter at that awful call. Such things had happened. It was well known among all Christians that God could raise the dead, and particularly was it believed by those who dreaded his power to do so; and the number of these formed the great majority of that motley congregation. Francis Xavier had raised the dead, as was well known, not more than a century or so before; and who knows if this fearful man, now standing before them in an agony of supplication, be not another St. Francis?

The graveyard where Pay Pachaca lay buried was not far off from where the Friar stood who had bidden him to arise.

It could be seen at a glance that the temper of the mob had changed. They certainly could not stone the man of their accusation; they could only have a good



laugh at him, and make him run away like a frightened hen; and it would be such fun to see the most religious Friar that had ever appeared in Potosi run away, tucking up his vestments like a woman, out of the pelting storm of rotten eggs which some had already begun to prepare for him.

From all of which it may be gathered to what a pitch of wickedness, higher even than that reached in Seville, the people of Potosi had run.

In the midst of the merry excitement, the jabbering and gesticulations of the crowd, there came upon it a shout, which was speedily intensified into a wild shriek, that pierced every heart like a sword. It was the shriek of the lost. They who were thus tearing their throats and hurting the air with their sharp yells, had often before been in somewhat similar spasms when the earthquake visited them; but those cries were music compared to these which now filled the sky; and perhaps one

reason was that they were purely human cries, the shrieks of women unmingled and unsubdued by the howling of dogs—for the dogs, strange to say, did not bark on this occasion, although every man then present was accompanied by one.

There, in broad daylight, was Pay Pachaca, who had died and was buried, now sitting up in his grave clothes, born on a bier on men's shoulders, made quick by the command of the Friar, who had raised him from the dead to testify against his enemies, and to bring glory to the Most High!

Was it not worth while to work that miracle? Nay, suppose that it was nothing but pure acting and imposture, was it not worth while to get that tragedy, or what else it might be called, performed, seeing that the whole of that wicked Potosi turned from their sins, and washed, and became clean in consequence?

The Indians rose to life again, almost

as really as Pay Pachaca; they went to their mining, even to their deaths, with joy. No scourges were needed to make them work; they worked for love. They wanted no earthly wages; their wage was the immortality conferred on them by baptism, and touching of the hem of the holy Friar's garment.

The influence of Friar Oscuras was unbounded; but he never allowed himself to be seduced from his vows of poverty. He confined his labours entirely to the poor and the wretched; and while he partook of their fare, he seemed to bless and increase it.

Two more facts, equally well authenticated with the raising of the dead Pay Pachaca to life, may be related of this wonderful man.

In Huancavelica, where the Indians died off very rapidly from working the quicksilver, a tumult had arisen on the day of Oscuras's arrival in that town. Blood



had been shed; the Indians had risen up against their taskmasters, and fled from the place, and the thing was how to get them back again to their labours; for if there was no one to work the quicksilver, the silver of Potosi could not be extracted from its ores. So the holy Father went on that errand, to bring back the revolted sheep, taking with him nothing but a bishop's crook and a common frying-pan. He found the fugitives huddled together in an inhospitable mountain—defiant, but starving. He approached them with boldness, and that courage which only comes from the possession of the sublimest motives.

The crouching wretches were hungry, and he promised them food. He could not feed five thousand in that wilderness, but he could make a cake out of nothing, to prove to them that he came from the Most High, whose will it was—and he had come expressly to tell them so—that they



should return to work in the quicksilver mines, and that on pain of eternal banishment from glory.

"Behold now, ye stiff-necked sinners, and wonder! Look on while I show to you my heavenly commission. Hear me, and obey."

The Friar then kindled a fire between two stones, placed on it the empty frying-pan, gathered all the runaways on the sides of the high crags, so that they could see him and everything he did; and then he took the *baculo pastoral*, or bishop's crozier, which he carried—an ample staff, with a large and wide metal crook at one end—and, after blessing it and praying, he, to the amazement of the lookers-on, began stirring round and round with the other end of the staff in the now gradually warming frying-pan. Nothing happening, he began to chant, in a peculiar voice which seemed to make the very rocks to feel, a hymn, and raising his dismal half

tones into a joyous expression, intended for praise to the Queen of Heaven. In that moment did snowy flour appear to rise up, as if coming through the frying-pan; and in a short while a substantial cake was baked, of which the Indians partook in a sacramental way. And they all returned with the saintly father to the tasks which God had appointed for them, having become convinced that they were his children; but, for reasons which they evidently thought conclusive, it was his will that they should work as slaves. This, be it said, was a common enough trick, which the Indian mind alone could be duped with.

But the miraculous powers of this marvellous man were not confined to ignorant Indians; for in that case grave suspicions might well be raised concerning the things which were done. On one occasion, as he was sailing in the same boat with the Viceroy along the Pacific coast which lies but a few miles below Lima, the wife of the

Viceroy became suddenly ill, and fainted. There was no fresh water on board, but Dr. Oscuras dipped his crucifix into the sea, and drew out from where he plunged it a cup of fresh water, which instantly restored the lady to her senses and to perfect health. But, to the inexpressible grief of the Friar, the crucifix fell from his hand, and was lost in the sea. Three days afterwards, as the Friar was seated in the viceroyal palace at dinner—it happening to be Friday and a day for eating fish—as a mighty lobster was opened, the crucifix of the great and good Friar was found inside of it; and the fish, although dead and cooked, began to sing a song of joy, the like of which had never been heard before.

These facts were well known throughout the length and breadth of Peru. They were recited in every convent, in every parish church; as also there where the complaining Indian required something to console him for the troubles which he had

to bear, or to soothe him into forgetfulness of them.

It was no secret among some of the Spaniards that these so-called facts were understood to be only means to an end, cunningly devised to promote the spiritual welfare of the Indian, who was incapable of otherwise being convinced of his duty to the Spaniards, or of finding any earthly or heavenly reasons for his serving them at all. He never lost his dread of the priest. No amount of scourges could whip out of him the belief that it was all for his good that he had to toil on for ever; and that the path he had to tread was the only path which led to an eternal paradise.

If it could be proved that the Government of Spain planned all those miracles, and that it was the most successful and easy way of governing Peru, what then? Let those laugh who can.



## CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

"So many hundred hands in this mill: so many hundred horse steam power. It is known to the force of a single pound weight what the engine will do; but not all the calculators of the National Debt can tell me the capacity for good or evil, for love or hatred, for patriotism or discontent, for the decomposition of virtue into vice or the reverse, at any single moment, in the soul of one of these its quiet servants with the composed faces and the regulated actions."—*Hard Times*, chap. xi.

"If it be permitted to departing spirits to see those places on earth they yearn much after, we might imagine that the soul of Isabella would give 'one longing, lingering look' to the far west. . . . She would have beheld the Indian labouring at the mine under cruel buffetings, his family neglected, perishing, or enslaved. She would have remarked him, on his return after eight months of dire toil, enter a place which knew him not, or a household that could only sorrow over the gaunt creature that had returned to them, and mingle their sorrows with his; or, still more sad, she would have seen Indians who had been brought from far distant homes linger at the mines, too hopeless or too careless to return.—Sir Arthur Helps's *Spanish Conquest in America*, i., 214.

DISTANCE LENDING ITS ENCHANTMENT—FIRST VIEW  
OF THE SILVER CITY NOT TO BE COMPARED WITH  
A CLOSER ACQUAINTANCE WITH IT—LIFE IN THE  
CERRO DE PASCO—MEN MUST LIVE, NO MATTER  
HOW THEY DIE—A STRIKE AMONG THE MINERS,  
AND A MURDER.

**B**EFORE the cavalcade began to descend from the high peak which had been reached in the snow mountain, there was another halt, for the purpose of gazing on another scene, quite different from the last one, which had ended in producing an impression of extreme sadness. And still the difference, if the knowledge of the travellers had been equal to making the comparison between the two, was not so great after all.

The spectacle which now called forth the joyous exclamations of the young people was that of a large town—the city of the Cerro de Pasco. It might have been produced by enchantment; it might be a city in the moon, so bright and shining were its white walls, rising from a ground still more dazzlingly white. There it lay, looking like a city of silver: the celestial abode of happy beings whose sole sustenance was light—the light of highest heaven.

At any rate, it was beyond all doubt one of the cities of the earth most near to the skies, for its foundations were laid fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. On the spot where our travellers were standing, they were a thousand feet still higher, and in a straight line several miles distant from the beautiful city.

Oh, what rapture! Only in a dream could such another picture gladden the soul. And this was the place where all the silver came from? How wonderful! O brightness most sweet, most clear!

"We shall all go and see the city, shall we not, Guido?"

"It looks far prettier from here than it does when you are inside of it."

"Oh, but it is so clean; so lovely, white, and pure! You will certainly take us."

"We will all go," exclaimed Don Benigno, "and we will have such a spree" (he said *fiesta*), "as shall make the old young again, and the young shall bloom into



manhood as they gaze on the joys of the old."

Thus Avarice could become eloquent with so bright a prospect before its eyes, and even gild the hopes of youth with a splendour that, of its own unguided passion, it might never apprehend.

These merry people, as we saw, arrived all safe at Guido's chacra; and, if they slept that night a dreamless sleep, it might well be attributed to the sweet languor which passing through so many exciting scenes during the day had produced.

Now, the great white basin in which the city of the Cerro de Pasco is built is the vilest of nests; and was then, at the time when Don Benigno was breaking out into so many raptures about it, the very vilest nest, not only in all that mountain chain of Olachin, where it is built, but of any other chain whatever on the face of the earth.

The narrow winding paths which lead down the precipitous rocks to the city seem,



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in their filthy horror, to be nothing more than the carcasses of monstrous pythons on their way to devour it.

The wretched Indians' huts, which skirt the outlying streets, look like so many mounds of mud, or graves; and the puddles of dirty water, and the numerous little lagunes, or swamps, which lie everywhere about, seem to be nothing else than the dead eyes of stupendous and loathsome beasts, torn from their sockets and thrown there.

The sole and only product of this city is silver, and to get it it is necessary to dig, and break, and blast with much vigour; and the digging, and stone breaking, and rock blasting have produced such an accumulation of rubbish, so many pits and holes, and heaps of blackened stones, that, as a residence, it is only fit for such animals as are blind and deaf and can live on filth.

And this is the same city which in the distance seemed to Don Benigno and his

friends as beautiful and as charming as a pearl inside an enamelled shell.

The appearance of the men and women corresponded to the place: they all seemed to get their living by sweeping chimneys and eating the soot to eke out a profit. This may account for the woeful amount of drinking which went on among them. All through the day some one was drunk, and at night no one was sober. Men and women, old and young, became so inordinately intoxicated that it made an ordinary human being giddy to look at them.

They were all Indians of the various provinces, but chiefly from Hualgayoc, Pataz, Huamanchuco, Cajamarca, and, as we saw, from Chayanta also.

At the very hour that Don Benigno was looking down with so much pleasure on the bright silver city which smiled to him so sweetly in the sunshine, such a commotion was going on, such scenes were being enacted within its narrow streets and lanes

and tortuous passages, as, if Don Benigno could but have witnessed, he would have fled back to Lima, all alone, and with all the swiftness that his spirited little Barbary mare could carry him.

The occasion of the outbreak had now become common enough. Men were killed almost every day in the mines, partly owing to their own carelessness, ignorance, or recklessness; sometimes, also, the cupidity of the mine owners or their superintendents was the chief cause of the principal disasters.

Timber was very dear, the labour of carrying it from where it grew to the mine being so expensive; and without timber you can no more work a mine with safety to the lives of the miners, than you can build a spired church without scaffolding. Some heedless men tried the experiment, but they did not live to communicate the result to the world.

The Marquis de Pan y Agua, who had



undertaken the management of the Lady Lucy's mine, was duly informed of the insecurity of working it. The rocks which formed the cave containing the precious metal, seemed soldered together with silver; and to take away the soldering was to bring down the rocks in a confused and murdering heap. The Marquis had given strict orders to his superintendent, or capataz, to attend with all rigour to the careful timbering of the mine; for if the roof fell in, the getting out of the silver would be indefinitely postponed. But overseers and superintendents must live as well as Marquises; and if the precautions against pilfering the produce of the mine are such as to prevent even a capataz from enriching himself by that direct method, then, probably, he will resort to methods indirect—seeing that the only thing worth living for in the Cerro de Pasco is to get rich at other people's expense, or by some such lucky chance as



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quick and startling as that produced by the turning up of dice. So the capataz of the Marquis de Pan y Agua got the cheapest, and therefore the most rotten, wood for his rock props, his beams, and his ladders; and did not fail to charge the Lady Lucy with the very best wood, at the very highest price, putting the difference into his own pocket. The better sort of miners knew that their lives depended upon these supports, and would refuse to labour in mines where the timbering was not well done. This intelligence, however, was confined to very few; and the great body of the labourers, the men who had to run the greatest risks in the mines, were Indians—men as ignorant of mining as the most experienced kangaroo is ignorant of money, although provided with the best constructed pocket for keeping it that was ever devised. When any accident happened in the mine, and men were killed, the cause of it

would be discussed with an eagerness and a ferocity which only hate, avarice, and the passion for getting drunk could induce. These discussions, although carried on amidst the greatest uproar, did spread much intelligence of an animal sort among the more ignorant miners; and the dangerous mines would be marked by some suggestive *sobriquet*, which would act as a warning to any who were not absolutely given over to the demon of drink, or sunk to the lowest depths of desperation. Kill-folk, Devil's Block, Wolf's Mouth, Raw-head and Bloody Bones, were some of the more notorious mines in the Cerro de Pasco for disposing of men's lives on the shortest notice and in the cruellest way.

Kill-folk was the mine which poured forth more argentiferous treasure than any other, and Kill-folk was the property of the dear Lady Lucy. She knew nothing of its killing propensities, of course; no

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more did Don Benigno, much less any of his nieces; nor, for the matter of that, did the Marquis de Pan y Agua. They will come to know all about it in a sharp, decisive manner, which the author of this story would, if he could, refrain from relating.

Kill-folk fell in, burying many tons of now unavailable silver, and how many men were also buried alive at the same time only the merciful gods who provided them with sepulchre can tell. The mine was worked in what are called shifts or changes by three different gangs of men, each gang working eight hours. One entire shift was therefore buried, and the other two shifts lived to take such vengeance, or get such compensation by going away, holding their tongues, or swearing away their souls before those servants of Satan called *escribanos*, as would provide them with liquor for a week or more.

At the time, when Don Benigno was looking down on the white city from the



snowy heights, Kill-folk had done its work, the overseer or capataz and some of his subordinates had run away, or were hiding till the fury of the murdered men's companions and friends had passed off with their intoxication. But it seems that other direful accidents had preceded the one which obtained for the Lady Lucy's mine its terrible name. Compensation had been promised to the friends of the dead men, but the promises had not been kept; and other notable acts of gross stupidity had been committed by wealthy Spaniards, or in their names by their servants, as sooner or later were inevitably to reap their reward.

Several Spaniards had mysteriously disappeared. An unquiet feeling began to possess every Spanish household in the Cerro. There were vague apprehensions of some plot existing; and the Indians, who had become very numerous, seemed to give themselves not to drink so much as



to sitting still, in dull corners, in groups, as if they were hatching something. And the Spaniards became cowed, and the Indians still went on hatching, and no response had come from Lima to urgent messages sent down to the authorities for troops, if only a handful; and other messages were sent to the wealthy and the aristocratic mine owners that they should come to the Cerro, and bring as many friends with them as they could muster, and, above all things, to come well armed; but no response came even to these messages.

The only organization among the Spaniards which seemed to possess any vitality was that of the Holy Inquisition. The Chief Office in Lima had been communicated with by the officers stationed in Pasco, and the Chief Inquisitor, for reasons best known to himself, undertook to answer the letters of some of his familiars in person, with what result to himself we have already seen. Had Dr. Oscuras not

taken so prominent a part in preparing the deposition of the Marchioness de Zandunga, he need not have taken that perilous journey across the snow mountains; in which case, also, he would not have met with the then raving madman, Asta de Cabras, and, for his own special and hidden considerations, have left the bridle-path across the mountain, and so got entangled and lost among the monotonous snow-covered rocks, where, falling asleep, he got frozen, and never wakened more. But, in truth, it was better for him; although his short-sighted friends, who of course knew nothing of the fate of Asta de Cabras, never ceased to lament the Doctor's remarkable want of common sense in going alone to the Cerro de Pasco, and, not content with that, to have wilfully gone out of the beaten path in a part of the mountain where, without an Indian to guide him, he must, perforce, get lost. We who are in the secret know well

enough that it was the very best thing that Oscuras could have done under the circumstances; and for two very sufficient reasons—one applicable to himself, the other to us. The first reason was to avoid the same risk to his ears as had befallen those of Asta de Cabras; and the next, as Asta de Cabras yielded up his despatches to Oscuras, these coming into the hands of Guido Alvaro, whom they very much concerned, he was by them enabled to save himself and his friends from another plot which was aimed at their lives; and, as for us, we shall be saved much trouble in following a dark and terrible story.

Even the Indians who had sent their poisoning deputation to Lima could get no answers to their messages; and they were still kept waiting to hear of a triumphant result to the wicked plot for destroying the inhabitants of the great capital of Peru. Nor will any answer ever reach them; for the Indians entrusted with that diabolical



mission have gone back home to Chayanta with quite other messages to Tupac Amáru. The Polizon, having need to communicate with the Last of the Incas on matters of vast importance to them both, sent two of his own men with these poor deluded creatures; and there need be no doubt about their reaching their home in safety. Their companions, who had run away from Kill-folk, were waiting for them in secluded places, being wholly possessed of the devil, and ready to do his bidding, and with as much intelligence as if they had been born for no other purpose.

If the poison does its work in Lima, then all Indiada—every Indian of the Cerro de Pasco—can do as he likes, with no one to make him afraid. After all, what pleasure was there in killing a lot of people that one did not know, especially while the one wretch who had kidnapped them, and marched them into the mouth of Kill-folk, was alive and could not be



got at? If that monster, Alliaga, the Corregidor of Tinta, could only be persuaded to show his face in those parts, they might die happy, or be content to live the hardest life for the rest of their days. Such were the inarticulate reasonings of some of these wretched Indians, who were wandering like maniacs among tombs, seeking rest and finding none; and getting no reply from Lima, went back to the city of the Cerro de Pasco, to find it a more congenial home than when they left it. When those Indians who had so unmercifully dealt with Asta de Cabras got back to the Cerro de Pasco, having been tired in waiting for a certain result which they expected would bring universal happiness to all mankind, they were surprised to hear that some one else had done for Lima what they had intended doing for it. The whole of Lima had been murdered! And when the Indians heard the news they were as much stupefied with over self-consciousness as they

were on the first time that they saw themselves in a looking-glass. The Spaniards hid themselves when they heard of it, or ran away from the Cerro under cover of the night; and the Indians remained in possession of all the stores of liquor and food, and they gave themselves up to an enjoyment which was too intense to last, unless some unexpected incident should occur to give fresh zest to their satiated appetites.

A large number of these unhappy beings were born denizens of a warmer climate than that of the storm-swept Cerro; and these, having no luggage to carry, or any other impedimenta, started off to the warm valleys, where the sun provided clothing and the earth abundance of food. The Indians from Chayanta, and others who had plotted the destruction of Lima, held together; and they also took their departure, not knowing nor caring whither they went, so long as they were not detained in the mines, or where they would have

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Spaniards to stare at, and have their stare returned with alarming interest. All the roads and by-paths leading down from the mines to the plains were filled with these stragglers. Some, utterly weary of life and heedless of their steps, fell down, and never rose up again; others, with dull deliberation, wrapped their heads in their woollen togas and went to sleep in the snow, knowing full well that a delicious sleep was to be gained in that way: and the chief delight of that sleep consisted in its never coming to an end. A few of the strong, and whose consciences gave them no trouble, or who had none of the tender feelings which threw a melancholy shade over things that could cause regret in the weak, held on their way, prepared to sell their lives in the dearest market they could find, if it should come to selling.

A party of these, numbering some twenty tall fellows, had reached a wide, steep road, almost at the foot of the mountain, and not



more than three miles from Guido Alvaro's farm. They saw, a short distance from them, a small, busy man alight from his horse, and give the reins to his negro servant, and begin a leisurely observing stroll up the steep ascent. Some of the Indians, with their keen eyes, glanced at each other as they descried the traveller's face; and then, with a yell which united them all in one fell purpose, they bore down the feeble traveller, and speedily strangled him with their long fingers.

"Alliaga!" they cried; and they seemed to enjoy a pleasure for which they were now quite willing to pay with their lives.

Alliaga it was: not the official miscreant who had slain the three great chiefs and kidnapped the hundred Indians, of whom these were a small remnant; but poor Don Benigno Alliaga, his brother, who was bent on seeing the beautiful city of the Cerro de Pasco, and who was then on his way to its pearly walls and silver gates.



## CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

"This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—  
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
This labour; by slow prudence to make mild  
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
Subdue them to the useful and the good."—*Ulysses.*

"Cut away the brambles which obstruct the path; remove the bricks and stones which lie in the way; repair the roads which are injured by the lapse of years; build the bridges which may be crossed by multitudes.—*Chinese Maxim.*

DESCRIBES THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF GUIDO'S FARM,  
AND GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE NEWS WHICH WAS  
DESIGNED TO FIRE THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY OF  
LIMA, AND HOW GUIDO WAS INTERRUPTED AS HE  
WAS PONDERING IT.



GUIDO'S farm was one of the attractions for Paulina, nor would the ill-fated Don Benigno's proposal to visit the silver mine in the Cerro de Pasco have been accepted if Guido had not insisted on the whole party going direct from Lima to his chacra, and visiting the mine from thence.

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This great farm was brought into existence by the energy of the Polizon, the enthusiasm of the Marchioness de Zandunga, and the personal superintendence of Guido Alvaro, on whose mind the idea of governing a thousand men had fastened itself, and which, by the experience of the Polizon, he was enabled to carry out. When the Polizon took up his abode in Lima, in order to save himself from the numbing monotony of its respectable life, he devoted his attention to the condition of the native races who occupied the sunny valleys on the north side of the Cerro de Pasco. He found them to be very numerous, very independent, and very industrious. They had refused with the utmost pertinacity all overtures from the Church; nor would they allow a priest to live amongst them, much less to exercise any sacerdotal functions whatsoever.

The Polizon ingratiated himself among these singular people by his winning man-

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ners, his good tobacco, and his passion for helping children over stiles or stony roads. Waste of human life, or strength, or misguided human intelligence, afflicted him more sorely than could any physical wounds or bruises. Hence, he had not lived a month among these people of Huanuco and Huacar, Panao and Chinchao, before he saw for himself, and demonstrated to them, their liability to devastating floods, to epidemics, and certain diseases and plagues which could be as easily prevented as it was easy to cure a smoky chimney.

In a brief space of time, this one Spaniard, by his helpful nature, his commanding love and loyalty, and, above all, his divine patience, had raised a hundred families from the depths of the pigsty to the level of the home. Stinks and stagnant water were made to run away from the abode of man, as if they were so many detected thieves lurking to rob him of his



life as well as his property. Grunts and unseemly noises gave place to pleasant musical sounds. Flowers came and visited everybody's door, and remained there, ministering grace and gentleness. Cleanliness was succeeded by comfort—rushes gave place to wool, stones to wood, and glass and iron, added to pottery and bricks, really changed what up to that time had been nothing better than a den into an abode of human love and gratitude.

The climate greatly aided the labours of the Polizon; the natural disposition of the people did all the rest. They had, by the most cruel murder that man ever committed on man, been deprived of their long line of loving kings, and condemned to live ungoverned, and a prey to their own fears, their lust of vengeance, their disgust of life, and, worse than all, to their deep-seated conviction that they were a conquered and an enslaved people—weak beyond comparison with the water spilt on



the ground—and that never for them again should there be found a smile on a man's face luring them to the labour which procured proud health and noble contentedness.

But the Polizon, whose experience of Zamaichuco and his people, and the intimate knowledge which he possessed of the Indian's real character when it had not been ground out of him by incessant toil and ruthless cruelties, changed all that listlessness into life. He simply opened the windows of hope to a people who had been living in the darkness of despair; and light and warmth coming upon a sensitive nature, restored it to its lost health and form in a shorter time than it takes to teach a parrot to talk English or a dog to fetch and carry.

When the Polizon proposed to Guido to take active command of this new city of refuge—or, rather, colony of cottages and gardens, fields and meadows—there were a thousand human beings all living in the

utmost harmony and pleasure, growing cotton and potatoes, sugar and coffee, and fruits and flowers innumerable, on the northern slopes of the Cerro de Pasco, and in the valleys which stretch down to the plain of Huanuco. And, besides these, there were flocks and herds, and droves of pigs and goats, and geese and poultry without limit. All this was the result of a conspiracy against the Government of Peru—the conspiracy of compassionate love against the tyranny of insatiable greed and hate—and the active conspirators were the Marchioness de Zandunga and the Polizon; those who connived at and helped to further this treason were the Last of the Incas, Guido Alvaro, and all the thoughtful Spanish men and women who had made Peru their permanent home.

Perhaps the most singular and romantic fact in connection with this increasing farm, as it was called, was the absolute absence

of money; and there must be very few readers of history who have heard of a people in modern times living without money, and yet living in the utmost cheerfulness and happiness. It was the same in the valley of the Vilcumayo; in the fortified mountain colony founded by Pacha in Caupolican; and in the cities of refuge founded by the last of the Incas, and superintended by Zagrazmit.

But the bountiful earth and the sunny sky made money the very meanest and most useless thing to live or care for; and therefore it cannot be said that there was any virtue in these people holding a thing in contempt for which they had no use. The fact, however, should be made to stand out in characters of fire—that had the Peruvians been allowed to cultivate the earth as they would have been delighted to cultivate and subdue it, instead of being compelled by lash, and gunpowder, and knives, to turn its surface



into heaps of slag and rubbish, dust and dirt, the Spaniards might have remained to this day one of the great nations of the world; and not only Peru, but the whole of South America—the grandest and fairest portion of it—instead of being, as both Spain and South America are at this hour, the very meanest examples which the world possesses of a national existence.

Guido had made no boast of his labours in Lima as a farmer; it was almost a secret that he and the Polizon had any land under cultivation. The secret was undesigned; but it was easy to keep it a secret, because very few persons cared about farming, any more than they cared about Indians, except as beasts of burden. Still, if it were possible to give to the Imperial authorities in Lima an intimation that Guido Alvaro, the Marchioness, the Polizon, and the Last of the Incas were engaged in organizing



human families, and instructing them how to become superior to the exactions and tyrannies of their conquerors, then they would have to answer for it before the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition.

When Guido's friends (Paulina and the rest) first saw his farm in the calm and warm sunset of a summer's day, after climbing down the precipitous sides of the vast snow mountain, they were struck with amazement, and the evening was spent in telling and listening to the lively accounts of its foundation and progress.

The next morning after their arrival it was necessary for Guido to remain alone for some time in order to consult with himself on the subject of the papers which his servant had found on the dead body of Dr. Oscuras. So the young people went out for a ride round the estate, and Don Benigno with them, the latter bent on finding his way up the mountain to the delightful city whence came the silver trea-

sure, and which, in the distance, looked so like a pearl in an enamelled shell.

Among the papers was one which set forth the details of what was called a *sublevamiento*, or revolt of the people of the district over which Asta de Cabras had presided as Corregidor, or magistrate, and only by flight from which had he escaped with his life. The document went on to give an account of one Gabriel Tupac Amâru, calling himself the Last of the Incas, who had been for a long time engaged in treasonous plots against the Government, combining the people, and inciting them to resistance. The names of several strongholds were given, as also the names of certain Spaniards supposed to be leagued together for no other purpose than upsetting the Imperial rule, and establishing in its place a colonial independence. Among the names of the chief movers, besides that of Tupac Amâru, were those of the Polizon and the Marchioness.

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de Zandunga. And one of the strongholds which had been used for the purpose of drilling the people, and raising stores, and taking them off the estates, and *Repartimientos* and *Encomiendas*, was this very farm of Guido Alvaro.

Guido, in the strength of his courage and integrity, laughed aloud at this latter part of the document; and as for the first, why, *sublevamientos* had become so common that they had no interest for him. They were, in fact, as commonplace as murder.

Was it possible that this Oscuras was on his way to investigate this charge for himself? Or, in order to cover his disgrace, growing out of the failure of the other charge brought against the Marchioness, was he getting up another against some one, in order to make the one good originally brought by the Inquisitor? It was serious enough; and would have been doubly so if the priestly creature had not in the meantime become a kneaded clod.



Who could tell if the threads of this entangled skein, which had dropped out of the fingers of the Chief of the Inquisition (they having become too cold to hold them), had been also entrusted to some other priest—to be made use of for the honour and glory of Holy Church, and the lighting up of such a fire as should be acceptable to God as an offering of a sweet smelling savour ?

Whilst Guido was musing on these things, the negro servant who attended Don Benigno rushed into the room where Guido stood, and, trembling with fright, told Guido of his master's fate.

"Is Don Benigno dead—killed, do you say?"

"I think he must be dead by this time," replied the gasping black.

He was but a young lad, and, being mounted on a fleet mule, had made his escape when he saw his unhappy master surrounded by the Indians, and strangled



on the steep ascent leading to the Silver City he so much wished to see.

"Where are the ladies? Where is Doña Pancha?" inquired Guido, who had stepped outside to call a servant to bring his horse.

"I know not. They had not followed us. Don Benigno was loitering on the steep road, not being able to sit his horse well to-day, and I followed after him slowly, leading his beast."

By this time Guido's horse was at the door; and reaching down his sword and buckling it on as he went along, he got into the saddle somewhat slowly, and then rode off in the direction of the scene of the murder, leaving his servants to follow as quickly as they could.

Within a mile he saw the party of visitors and friends riding leisurely towards home. Something on the instant seemed to strike Guido with the suddenness of a flash of lightning, and he spurred his horse as if

that noble brute were the cause of his maddening surprise.

Coming within hail, he demanded of the party, in an imperious tone—

“Where is Paulina?”

There was no response to his cry, and he continued his speed, riding in amongst some twenty or more mounted young people as if he would ride them down.

“Where is Paulina?”

“We are looking for her!”

“Looking for her? Then come and look for me.”

These few plain English words do but poorly represent the force of the original Spanish, and they were accompanied with stern looks and gesticulations, and equally stern maledictions.

Guido kept his horse at his fullest speed on the way to the steep ascent leading to Pasco, looking in all directions, far and near, for any appearance of his beloved mistress.

Probably for the first time in his life, he was conscious of an overbearing irritation which made him intolerant. As he rode along, spurring his horse as if he had been changed into a commonplace being incapable of reflection, he began to mutter incoherent words and phrases and dreadful oaths. He seemed like one who saw the object of his search clearly beyond his reach, and yet, in self-deception, or for the gratification of a lower nature than his own, kept up the quest.

"Am I mad?" he might have asked, but evidently had no time to think of himself.

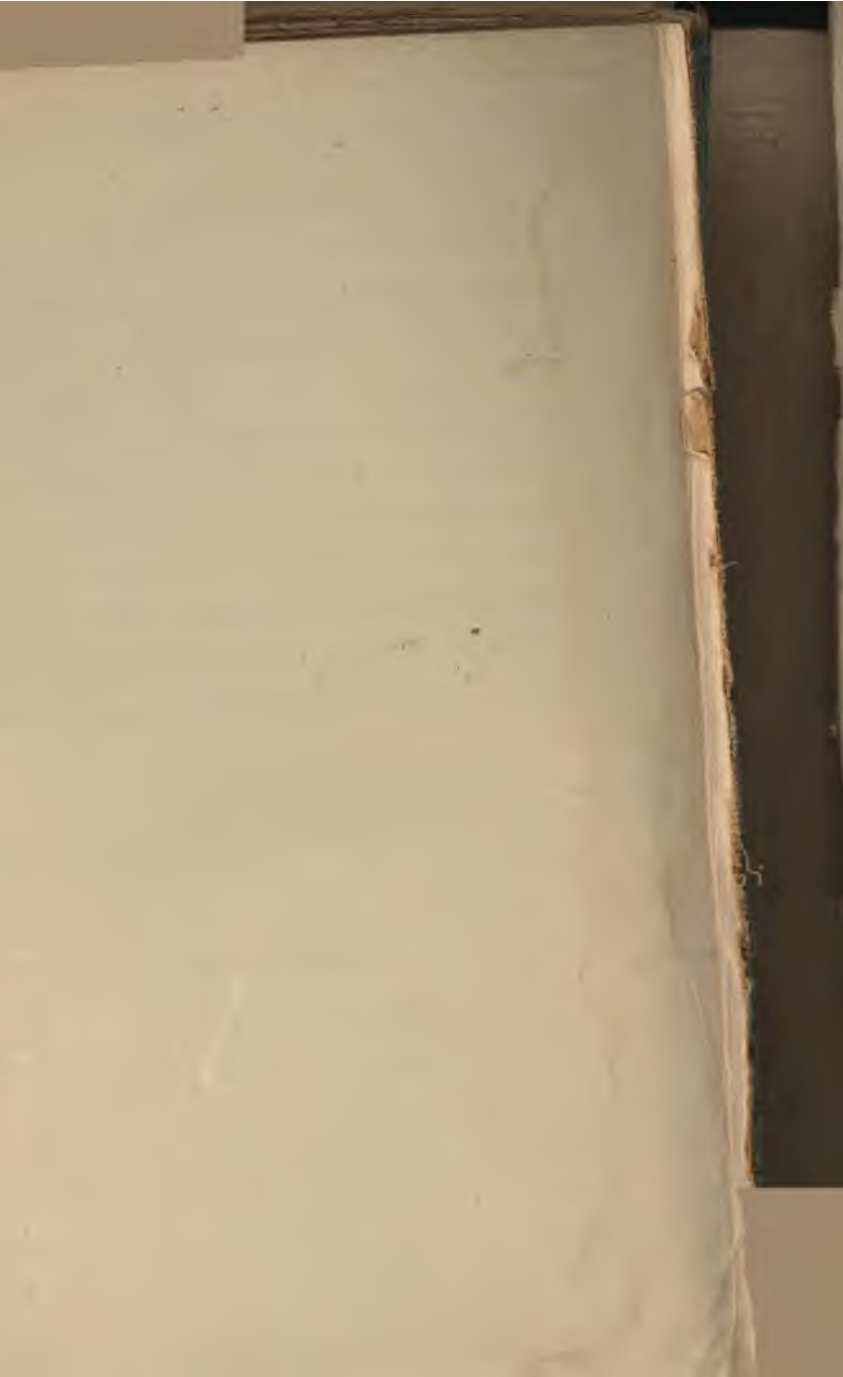
He wheeled into the road which led to the ascent of the mountain, and the cold wind which met him on his entering the pass penetrated his hot blood. On a sudden, his horse reared, and a less practised rider would have been thrown. There lay the lifeless body of Don Benigno in the middle of the path; but no trace of his murderers, nor yet of any violent struggle. He did

not dismount, his horse becoming unmanageable, and the animal darted up the steep pass with terrible swiftness; and Guido Alvaro found himself in the City of Silver, face to face with a desolation too horrible for either words or tears to express; and as he threaded his way through the narrow, tortuous ways, his horse staggered and fell, and his rider fell with him on to a heap of stones.

END OF VOL. II.







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